



The Open Road

I have said that the soul is not more than the body,
And I have said that the body is not more than the
soul,
And nothing, not God, is greater to one than one's
self is,
And whoever walks a furlong without sympathy walks
to his own funeral dressed in his shroud,
And I or you pocketless of a dime may purchase the
the pick of the earth,
And to glance with an eye or show a bean in its pod
confounds the learning of all times.

WALT WHITMAN.

WHAT IS YOUR BOY TO DO AND BECOME

OH, how I like that! Not what is your boy to *know*, but what shall he *do, become?* Just here is the difference, as wide as a world, between the old and the new education. We never thought to connect knowledge with doing things. To know was deemed sufficient and the penalty is that our schools and colleges have given us educated incompetents, helpless derelicts on the human tide, in place of men and women. It is not enough to know, because life is not in knowing; it is doing. And so, at beautiful Interlaken, which is so much more than a school, a section of real life under ideal conditions for the growing boy, a little world in itself, where every desirable faculty of mind, and body is brought out and trained; out under the open sky; in God's great out of doors; your boy will not be returned to you a piffling mollicoddle, but a healthy, virile, capable boy, manly and self-reliant. He has learned to use his knowledge and that is the keynote of the new education. He has not wasted his time reading about things, but has studied and mastered the thing itself. Happy is the boy who will be placed in such an ideal environment for the growth of true manhood.

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M. GRIER KIDDER, in the Overland Monthly.

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NEW THOUGHT EDITORS AND WRITERS ON THE OPEN ROAD

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"THE OPEN ROAD starts its career with the September number and if subsequent issues are up to the standard of the initial one, THE OPEN ROAD will be true to its name and mission. The front cover is ornamented with a half-tone reproduction of a winding country road, leading to no one knows where, with the immortal words of 'Old Walt' explaining its title. In introducing the magazine to the public, Bruce T. Calvert, the editor, humorously observes:

This bantling, quite contrary to all tradition, is not come to fill a long-felt want. I am obliged to admit at the start that it is instigated by the unquenchable thirst of its author to break into print. I have waited long enough to be discovered, but no daring Columbus coming my way, I just had to butt into this game.

"Every line in the thirty-two pages is good reading,"

Walker C. Smith in QUEST, Colorado Springs, Col.

"Two copies of THE OPEN ROAD, September and October, have reached our office. Quest congratulates Calvert on the appearance and contents of this neat little magazine. The idea of THE OPEN ROAD is one that appeals to us all, and to the magazine that voices this spirit, our appreciation is certainly due. We all need more of communion with the real and vital things of nature and life, and THE OPEN ROAD brings this most successfully."

SECULAR THOUGHT, Toronto, Canada.

"THE OPEN ROAD, Official Organ of the Society of the Universal Brotherhood of Man, has reached us. It is gotten up somewhat after the style of Hubbard's Philistine, and its editor's qualities may be gauged from this sample: * * *

"There seems to be an unlimited supply of aspirants to the honor of being a follower of Elbert Hubbard and THE OPEN ROAD man is the most promising we have seen."

THE MYSTIC MAGAZINE, Boston.

"We are in receipt of your valuable little magazine, THE OPEN ROAD, and wish to congratulate you upon the very attractive way in which you have presented so much good and wholesome soul-food. We have read it with much interest and profit and wish you unbounded success in your efforts."

Don't forget to say, "I saw your ad. in the OPEN ROAD."

The Open Road

VOL. II

JANUARY, 1909.

No. 1

Bruce T. Calvert, Editor and Publisher,

INTUITIONAL OR INSPIRATIONAL KNOWING.

We cannot know everything analytically, and fortunately for us it is not indispensable that we should. Of manifestations there are many, infinite forms, too many for one man in his short earth life to master. Yet every manifestation is but the expression or outflowing of the universal intelligence that lies within it. Manifestations, forms are numberless; but infinite intelligence is one. Why not, then, in our process of knowing, go direct to the heart of things, seek to know the intelligence, the soul, the true spirit of the being or manifesta-

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tion? Knowing which we know all. Nature is one, intelligence is one. Indeed, we have but two fundamental conceptions in all the universe, infinite universal intelligence, and universal substance, and the latter is but the consciousness of the former acting upon itself, so that in the end we have but the one thing and that is infinite intelligence.

Perhaps a new method of education is to come into the world. Perhaps this is to be the next upward step, a method of learning to supplant the tedious analytical or deductive systems of the past, or at least to supplement them. A method that may be called, for want of a better term, the intuitional or inspirational.



We are all familiar with the workings of this inspirational force, tho we have somehow lost the art of making practical use of it in our daily lives. We see how the poet will in a flash of insight, picture what the scientists

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coming after him will arrive at only by years of patient, tireless investigation and experiment. Shakespeare wrote of the "Horseless couriers of the air"; within two centuries, Tesla and Marconi give to the world wireless telegraphy, and the horseless couriers of the poet are racing thru the air, a scientific fact. Two thousand years ago a teacher said, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he" and again, "Thy faith hath made thee whole." Today science proves these statements both to be physiological and psychical facts, that a man is molded by his attitude of mind and these two simple statements are the ground work around which the whole system of new thought of our times revolves.



We all have intuition, or should have. It is a part of our birthright, but owing to the rude and barbarous methods in child-birth, training and education, this intuitive sense is usually crushed out of the child after the age of three

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to five years. The intuitions are lost, his initiative is killed. His plastic mind is pressed into the matrix which fashion has decreed to be the stylish thing in education, very much as the Indian mother molds the head of her papoose into the particular shape considered in Aboriginal circles to be a la mode.



One of the first duties, then, of him who would come into his own is to learn how, thru right living, and appropriate efforts, to awaken these lost intelligences, to bring into life this long dormant intuitive sense of the body. We need it. Intuition is one of the natural senses to the use of which we are entitled. I know it is not listed in the physiologies, but what does that matter? A race of people with sufficient intelligence to understand the workings of the natural sense of intuition would not write nor publish text books on physiology, because they would have the living body to read in place of the dead letters of the book.

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If you want to see an exercise of the intuitive sense in your own every day life, ask the woman you know best her opinion of any serious proposition affecting your life, business, social, religious or otherwise. She will probably give you an answer quick as a flash and it is more likely to be right than the conclusion you will arrive at after weeks or months of struggle, worry and thought over the question.

I was speaking to a little gathering of Roycrofters last summer at the spring and had just made a statement like the above when a woman in the audience asked me why it was that this keenness of intuition seemed to belong to woman more than man. I was non-plussed for a moment, did not have a satisfactory answer at the tip of my tongue. Alice Hubbard was present and asked if she might answer the question. I gladly invited her to do so and her reply was this: "Woman's intuitions are keener and purer than man's because woman is still a child in intelligence. She is still in the babyhood days of her development."

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I thought the answer a particularly happy one and I can see now that woman is nearer the fount of eternal truth than man because thru all the vicissitudes of the past, thru all the dreadful experiences, abuse and degradation which has been her lot, she has somehow managed to keep her blood stream purer. She is a more perfect, harmonious instrument. She responds more quickly to the infinite forces which are constantly playing about and thru us and thru this nicely adjusted attunement or harmony, with the infinite, she gets her knowledge quick and clear. It comes to her like a flash out of the blue. It is not so much colored by her own personality, by the faulty transmitting medium, whereas with a man it is filtered thru his own personality, subjected to the disintegrating processes of analysis, weighing, deduction, and when his conclusion is finally reached, it has taken its color from the muddy medium thru which it has had to pass.

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This, then, is the difference between the inspirational and the analytical or deductive method. I am not proposing to supplant the present system immediately, nor at all, but I am suggesting to educators and particularly to mothers and teachers who have charge of the children in their tender years, a new process, at least new to our times, by which we may come into knowledge and which may be one of the blessings of the new era in human affairs. I plead for the preservation of this intuitive sense. I plead for the child and all his natural endowment. Let us guard those qualities that he has and in place of destroying his intuition and the imaginative faculty, let them grow by use naturally and beautifully as all other faculties. If this shall be done, the aptitude of children for learning will fairly astonish our educators. They will unlock new paths to power that we in our academic blindness have never dreamed of and for this I plead.

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WE THOUGHT we were getting next to Nature, back to first principles when we located down here in the woods to publish THE OPEN ROAD with nothing but primitive appliances to work with—foot-power presses and meagre assortments of type. But along comes a fellow from Texas who has whipped us to a frappe for simplicity.

This is Harvey Porter Layton, an ex-newspaper man from the banks of the Wabash in dear old Indiana, don't you know. He is located in far-off San Antonio, Texas; describes himself as "a sick journalist who must make his own way," and what do you think he does? He is getting out the "Hand-Made Journal," a magazinelet, printed by hand, not from type, but with pen and ink, each copy being a product of tireless effort, illustrations with pen.

The frontispiece is a very pretty sketch

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indeed, of the historic Alamo and through the pages of the artistic little magazine sings the brave and beautiful spirit of the author, who writes his little book 'way down there toward the gulf out under the trees and with the help of his good wife sends his cheery message out over the world to bless the hearts of all who come in touch with it.

The next time you have a grouch or you think fate has it in for you or feel the dividends shrinking a little, or the corns on your fingers are unusually painful from clipping coupons, just think of this young fellow exiled from home, weaving his hopes and ambitions and a lover's romance, (because there is a love story back of it, though I am not going to tell it to you. I will let him do that if he wants to) into his beautiful little magazine made by hand absolutely.

The OPEN ROAD is printed from hand-set type, we disdain type machines, but this

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man disdains type and so his magazine is in every sense of the word the product of his hand and brain. Among the subscribers to his paper and buyers of the remarkable hand-made books he also turns out, are many men of national prominence. Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Bryan, Ex-Gov. Hanley, 'Gene Debs, Elbert Hubbard, Joaquin Miller and others. If you want to see something artistic, write to Harvey Porter Layton, editor of The Hand-Made Journal, San Antonio, Texas, and see what you get.

Work is the law of being. To voluntarily release one's self from activity is in fact the beginning of death, while the love for healthy, active, useful work, is everlasting life. Death, actual and potential, may occur long before this body is laid away in the sod, for the individual, who is no longer concerned in the pulsating life around him is already dead. *Rigor mortis* of the soul has set in. The mortician can add nothing to his deadness.

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Why waste time with the symbols of life when we have the real thing? The trouble with poor, blind, hypnotized humanity, ever ready to adopt suggested ideas, is that the symbol is too often accepted in place of the reality.

Life and sick benefit insurance are symptoms of a decadent civilization. These insurance schemes, with the wasteful expenditures they entail upon society, could not flourish except among a degenerate people, physically on the brink, mentally in leading strings and savage at heart. All such expedients are the natural concomitants of our Orangeine civilization. The man who buys an insurance policy admits that he is not all there. He shows his lack of faith in nature. He puts his trust in an ill-begotten insurance company above his faith in infinite truth and love, and I think he always gets the worst of it, for his lack of faith. Nature will take him at his word and kill him off, or if the company fails or contests

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his policy, he gets what he deserves.

What men must learn is that right living is the only sensible insurance and that it constitutes the very best, most valid policy in all the world. It insures health, activity, strength, mental and physical vigor, the full quota of powers and forces on tap at all times, freedom from sickness, long life and prosperity. It is better than all the insurance policies on earth and best of all it is cheaper than insurance because it costs nothing at all in a financial sense, only thought and self-control. To live right is actually cheaper than to travel by the stuffing route and pay premiums on insurance policies, just the same as right living is far less expensive than medical services.

Live right, get well, stay well; cancel your insurance policies; cut out the sick benefit funds, doctors, drugs, prayers and incantations; eat less and breathe more; eat with sense; stand on your own feet; insure yourself and you are on the high road to heaven.

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THE man who is devoting his life to any department of human thought or endeavor, who is willing to make the sacrifice and pay the price for knowledge and who seeks not to enslave others but leaves them free to take his message or not, whoever and whatever he may be, is entitled to our respect. And more than that, to our encouragement. I write these lines thinking of Frank Theodore Allen, comrade of the stars, student and professor of Astrology, editor of that bright and stimulating little magazine, the *Astrological Iconoclast*.

Whether you believe in astrology or not, this man is entitled to your attention, because he has made and is making a study of it, seeking to give humanity the benefit of a knowledge of planetary influences upon human life. Whether you agree with Allen's deductions or not, he will prove to you that he is thoroly in earnest. And I believe that the man who is in earnest and pursuing any definite line of study will become an educated man, for all knowledge is related. We can't know one thing well without knowing something of all things.

This fellow is paying the price, too, in his search for the truth, as we all must. If you say there is nothing in this fascinating science, then

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you must account for the wonderful coincidences in predictions that astrology has gathered in its ages old studies and tabulations. You must account for the fact then that the skilled astrologer will delineate your character and experiences with marvelous accuracy, and he does not need even to know or see you in order to do this.

The strange sequences of certain human attributes and experiences following certain planetary conditions at birth have been observed thru many centuries, tabulated, and reduced to a statement or law. This I take it is what the science of astrology amounts to. You may accept it or not, use it or not, just as you fit, but you have got to account for it in some way.

The astrology of the early centuries was however a system of fatality, fixed. Because the stars said so, you must do so. No appeal. But in the astrology of the present period, I see a more hopeful and saner attitude. There may be manifest in your make-up certain tendencies due to planetary influences, but because this is true, you do not need to surrender to those tendencies. You yourself can become more powerful even than planetary laws. You can in your own strength defy the laws of heredity, the influence of the stars, the universe itself, because man himself

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is greater than all else within his knowledge. He himself is the apex of creation.

And so, then, astrology if it has a mission is, it seems to me to be that of a friend and advisor, to put you on your guard. Make use of the experiences gathered by the science in the past ages, fortify yourself against your weak points, cultivate and make the most of your strong ones. But because the stars say you have certain undesirable tendencies, you are not to lie down and give up. Never! Rise, stand on your feet, lift your chest, straighten your spine, breath in the power and the breath of life, defy the stars in their orbits, the very gods in heaven and the devils in hell and be yourself.

And all this outburst is provoked by a rascal by the name of Allen whom I have never seen, but who I know is on the Open Road. I meet him in spirit at almost every turn and if you would know the secrets of the stars and apply them to your own benefit—let Allen help you. I don't think he will disappoint you. You'll find him in the pines, at Clementon, N. J.

Many a man who thinks he is leading a great movement for the betterment of humanity is really standing upon a platform just big enough for one.

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A man's religion is purely a personal matter, concerning himself alone. As well criticize his hair-cut or the shape of his nose as his religious opinions.

I am sorry for those sex-obsessed individuals who cannot keep from talking about sex matters. When you reach this stage, degeneracy is not far off. Busy, clean, healthy, wholesome people are not likely to have sex problems and certainly are not continually discussing them.

With this month we pass our first milestone on the Open Road. The first four numbers will be bound together as Volume I in order that the new Volume II may begin with January. There will be two volumes to the year, six numbers each, hereafter. Attention is called in the advertising pages to the Volume I, which will be bound up and ready for delivery in a few days. Order now. Don't miss it.

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HEALTH AND DIET HINTS.

I noticed while in the jungle this week, that the storm windows are being put up all over the city. If the devil had turned all his ingenuity toward designing an invention for co-operating with doctors and drugs in decimating humanity, he could not have produced a finer masterpiece than the storm window. You shut out the cold all right enough, but you shut out something else, fresh air, pure blood and clear brains, and you keep in your room filth, infected air, disease, sickness and death. You pay's your money and you take's your choice.

We have no storm windows at Pigeon-Roost-in-the-Woods. We not only have the windows open in our sleeping rooms, but we have the whole side of the house open, not only one side but all sides. In short, we sleep in the open air winter and summer.

Perhaps you may not be able, if you are an unfortunate cliffdweller in your habitat the jungle, to sleep out doors, altho I noticed this

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summer out thru the Rocky Mountains, that almost every new dwelling there is being equipped with outdoor sleeping rooms for winter and summer occupancy. But if you are so situated that you cannot sleep out doors entirely, then you can still insure yourself an abundant supply of fresh air all night. Of course to sleep in the fresh air is not all that is necessary. For even at the best you are only half a man if you breath fresh air all night and foul air all day. But even if you cannot control the air that you must breathe in the daytime, you can usually control the night air anywhere in the world.

Dr. Tilden of Denver, in his bright little magazine, the Stuffed Club, makes a very sensible recommendation on this point. Open your windows, says the doctor, every night in your sleeping room, not the width of a knife-blade as most people do, but wide open. The more windows you have in your room, the more fortunate you are. Open them all. To

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keep out rain or snow, tack a piece of cloth over the opening. But while having fresh air in the bed room it is not necessary to freeze the whole house off. Close the doors of all sleeping rooms. You do not need any heat in your bed room at all at night. Keep the balance of the house warm so that dressing in the morning will be comfortable. I thought this was a good suggestion and I pass it on to you. It is of no help to me, because I have an outdoor bed room, but you who cannot have this, will find the Tilden plan the next best thing.

If the weather is very cold, put on more clothing and warm the bed with hot water bottles. Because you sleep outdoors does not imply that you sleep cold. On the contrary you may be comfortable and cozy, while breathing the fresh, cold air all night long. It may be necessary also to wear coverings for the head and ears in very bitter weather, but always leave the nose exposed for that current of pure air. Remember that air in cir-

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culatation is pure and no other air can ever be.



If you can acquire the habit of sleeping without a night-shirt you will be all the better for it. You will quickly find that the little coughs and colds of the winter trouble you less and less and by breathing the fresh air all night, you fortify yourself to an extent against the inroads you must make every day upon your health, by breathing the foul air of offices and stores. If your blood is thin and you are naturally chilly, pass cold water over you body with your hands quickly on getting up and slap the skin till it is dry and glowing. You need not wet the whole body at once and stand shivering, but take one leg, then the other, then the arms, particularly slapping the upper arms till they flush, then your back as far as you can reach and then rub the skin with dampened hands all over the body. This friction removes the epithelial cells that must be dislodged to promote skin activity and good

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circulation. Rub more toward the heart rather than from it. If you wish you may anoint your whole body with olive or sweet almond oil. If you would be especially fastidious you may put a few drops of your favorite perfume in the oil. After doing this a few mornings you will find that you do not suffer with the cold nearly so much. You leave the house with a gentle and exhilarating glow all over the body.



I do not favor the hot bath in the morning. I don't think it is the time for the hot bath, neither am I so crazy about that fad of the cold tub in the morning. I have known some men who religiously took their cold baths every morning or at least bragged about it, that were the worst smelling propositions I ever met, bad breath, rough skin and generally unendurable companions. This is not to say that the cold morning bath is not a good thing, but I say it is not everything. It easily degener-

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ates into a fad and a fad often has little to recommend it other than the devotion of the fools who keep it up. And the cold morning bath is not for every one.

By breathing pure air, however, we cultivate a taste, I might say, for fresh air, I will admit that you won't be quite so well satisfied humped up over your desk in your little six by eight cubby-hole, breathing the foul air all day, but I can't help that. You get the salary and if you chose to give up your life blood for it, that is your business and not mine. I got enough of that sort of life and that is why I took to the woods. I am not hankering for any Wreath of Immortelles or Gates-ajar decorations in mine. I am going to stay right here and hustle as long as I can. I know no man is better than his body and I am going to give mine the best I've got, and I have faith to believe it will give back its best to me. I put health and right thinking above the dollar every time when the two conflict.

The Open Road

But this habit and liking for fresh air will make your lot in the city more and more unendurable, I warn you that right now. I had occasion to ride some distance the other night in one of the crowded street-cars in Chicago. Such an hour of agony I have scarcely ever passed thru. I am a "newthoughter," so-called, I held the thought, and spoke the affirmative, I did everything in fact but hold my breath. But I could not shut out that foul odor of unclean bodies and disordered stomachs. I could smell rotting ham and sausage on every hand. You can never mistake that smell from a filthy stomach when once you have learned to detect it, nor those effusions of bowel gases that pollute the atmosphere. Turn my nose which way I would, somebody was pouring his foetid breath in my direction. The car was crowded to the limit and I do not believe there was a bucketful of air per capita. No attention was paid to the bad air, the passengers seemingly being unconscious

The Open Road

of their misery, and no attempt was made at ventilation. I stood it as long as I could and then jumped off half a mile from my destination, preferring to walk rather than breathe that infected air.

Every time I visit the jungle now, as I must do occasionally on business, I am more and more depressed and hasten to get away from its bromo-caffeine civilization as soon as possible. Push-button ethics do not appeal to me. Any piffling mollicoddle can blow down the tube and order more heat from the cellar, but it takes a good man to go out and turn his muscle loose on the woodpile and provide material for his own heat. I have lately had occasion to visit many Chicago offices. I see more and more, it seems to me, of the tendency toward the degenerate type. The average business man that I call on may be making a success of his business, at least he generally claims he is, but I know what he does not know and that is that he is not making

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a success of life. Measured up to the standard of manhood, clean thinking, physical efficiency and kindly impulses he seems about 90 percent to the bad. I wonder how much further this Orangeine civilization will drag men down toward the pit of everlasting destruction before they take a tumble to themselves and strike for a higher plane.

No man is better than his body.



Universal Knowledge.

We tap the invisible wires of the universe. It matters not what nomenclature we use to explain the fact of universal knowledge. The important thing is to realize the immanence of the sea of life, and light, and love, and intelligence, in which we live. Not the process or the explanation is important, but the understanding of the law and the use we make of Nature's forces for our own development.

The Open Road

Ananias says that we came into this sin-cursed world with nothing, we hadn't a thing to lose, hence all that we may acquire here below is just so much clear profit, and so we have no kick coming.

The sick man is a failure. No matter how much learning or money he may have acquired, if he is sick he is still a failure.

One day of perfect health is worth about all the book knowledge moldering away in all the libraries of the world and disease therewith.

A good appetite with healthy normal organs of digestion to take care of the food is worth all the money stored in the treasury vaults at Washington and dyspepsia therewith.

A healthy man is a brother, is kind, gentle, loving, useful, hopeful and lovable. The only real success in life is health. Sickness and disease are failures absolutely, uncompromisingly so.

The Open Road

IN THE WOODS.

Here we are again at January, the beginning of another year, another mile-stone of life's journey past and another year with its pleasures, possibilities, hopes, joys, struggle and success, disappointment and growth, opening out before us. But the road stretches clear and plain. The signals are set for a clear track, we have the right of way and without fear or doubt we press forward.

The weather this winter has thus far been most delightful. We have had one or two snows, not enough to interfere with travel, but just enough to make it delightfully winterish. I can imagine nothing more beautiful than a walk thru the woods on a bright moonlight night when the ground is covered with snow. The clean cut shadows of the trees falling with cameo-like clearness on the screen of the snow, all so white and soft and beautiful; the trees standing proudly up toward the sky with arms extended as tho sending their hal-

The Open Road

lelujahs of joy to heaven; the silver moonbeams filtering thru the bare branches of the tree-tops, make a scene fit for fairyland. It seems almost as if the doors of another world opened to give a glimpse of beauty unspeakable within.



How the snow covers up the inequalities and rough places of the earth, with its robe of white like the mantle of our love that should overspread the human frailties and weaknesses of our friends and neighbors and our enemies if there are such. And then on a bright, winter morning to find the trees all set in their icy incasements, flashing and sparkling like diamonds in the morning sun! Surely it is hard to choose between icy January and leafy June. Each has its beauties and its glories. But I like the snow. In the country it is clean and friendly, but in the city streets, how different. How quickly the city spoils it and bedaubs its purity, mixing it with its own dirt and grime,

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even as the cesspools of the city tend to drag the soul down into its own muck and mire.



I believe the keynote of this New Year of 1909 is to be Human Brotherhood. Slowly but surely we are moving in that direction. Even the steps which seem backward are really forward. All makes for the final uplift. What a joy to look forward to an era of brotherhood, to a life of friendly, kindly helpfulness toward your neighbor, a life of co-operation and common interests, where all work for humanity in place of each for himself, with the consequent counter-currents and conflicting interests which but impede the course of the human stream. The great mass of our socialistic friends in this country doubtless think they are working for economic betterment. It is true that economic and social freedom will come, but these things are not the real issue. The real principle back of this movement, this turmoil, this unrest, this spirit-

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ual awakening attending the birth of race consciousness at the present moment is in reality Human Brotherhood. That is what we are all really working for, call it what we may. And the other things that will come, economic and social betterment, freedom in human relations, equal opportunities, the emancipation of women, etc., are but by-products of the main issue of brotherhood.

We will nail it to our masthead then, for the coming twelve months, and see how much progress we can make in that time toward the realization of our ideal.

And so, we hail the New Year! Here's a health to you, Mon Enfant, and may you bring us nearer to the goal of our ambitions, the
UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD OF
MAN.



True brotherhood is based upon absolute justice, not at all upon maudlin kindness or mistaken coddling. True brotherhood does

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not consist in giving your neighbor a shilling because he seems to want it, but rather in giving him as far as you can an equal opportunity with yourself to earn a shilling of his own and then adding to that a kind and encouraging word and a smile to cheer him on if his way is hard, to help him if he is down, to make his struggle easier.

Do you think you can come to your full stature, attain your own freedom, evolve the true perfume of your own complete being so long as one human creature remains in slavery? Not a bit of it, the calamities of the race are mine, the pains and miseries of the race are mine, as well as the joys and opportunities. I am not separate and apart from the race. I cannot rise higher than the source. Let me therefore, give a helping hand and never tread upon the prostrate form of my brother to further my own course. I shall only have to come back in the end and pick him up and I might as well do it now and save the time that I

The Open Road

must lose in retracing my steps.



Don't imagine, either, that because you have much that you are fortunate and that it will be brotherly to give of your substance to him who has less. Your gift might only bring him added cares and worries, might cause his downfall. He with his little, may be happier than you with your much, for happiness is not in the possession of things, but in courageous and hopeful struggle onward. The goal is not in attainment but to be forever moving. As Robert Louis Stevenson, the seer, puts it, "Little do ye know your own blessedness, for to travel hopefully is better than to arrive and the true success is to labor."

Yes, you need me and I need you. We, in fact, need each other. If I can stimulate some of your unused brain cells into action I will do you a service, and when your thought responds to mine we get the thrill of harmony in perfect understanding which is sweeter than all the harps of the new Jerusalem.

Is She Writing to You?

NEW YORK CITY, October 30, 1908.

To Whom it may concern:—

After suffering from nervous indigestion, despondency, and bad circulation for eight years, and having tried every form of medical treatment without success, I was advised by my lawyer who had been helped by E. J. Beach, Food Scientist, 18-20 East 42nd street, New York city, to consult with him.

I could not stand on my feet more than a few minutes at a time, and life seemed scarcely worth living.

Now after only one month's use of Mr. Beach's system I feel better than ever before in my life, my digestion is normal and I am able to attend to all my duties without difficulty.

Already Mr. Beach's system has given me hundreds of dollars' worth of benefit, in fact many times the moderate fee charged, and I most sincerely commend him to anyone who lacks complete health.

Yours very truly,

MRS. J. B. CRANDELL.

561 West 143rd Street New York City

Does this woman's letter concern *you*?

Are you bending under a burden of disease, and despondently waiting for the end you feel is certain and near?

Cheer up! The Help is at hand.

Write me and let me first restore your confidence by demonstrating to your own common sense that unless you are already half dead, I can teach you not only how to *live*, but to *enjoy* life.

Be assured, your pain and weakness is due to neglect of one or more of the three components of the triangle of health—the trinity of physical power: Diet. Breathing, Exercise.

Let me help you repair your weakened triangle. My

FREE QUESTION BLANK

sent on request and returned to me with your answers, enables me to analyze your condition exactly, determine your trouble, and tell you just how much I can do for you. And remember that

Results are Guaranteed or Money Refunded. If after carefully following my system you fail to accomplish the results promised, your money will be refunded on demand.

Get the good work started quickly, by writing at once for my free booklet, question form and special January offer.

E. J. BEACH, Food Scientist,

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Is the art of getting the best there is out of life. One way to add to your enjoyment and efficiency in everyday life is thru using good and pure toilet requisites. To get you to know our line of dainty and delightful creations we make the following

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| 1 Handsome shut-off, sprinkle-top box of St. Regis Talcum, for babies and folks too | .25 |
| 1 Box Dr. Lyon's Medicated Skin Soap, three cakes, a real luxury for toilet, nursery and bath, very best soap | .50 |
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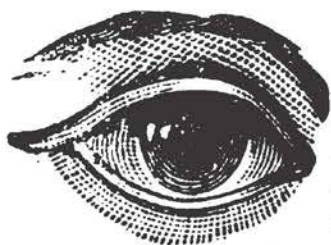
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Eyesight Can Be Strengthened, and Most Forms of Diseased Eyes Successfully Treated Without Cutting or Drugging.

That the eyes can be strengthened so that eyeglasses can be dispensed with in many cases has been proven beyond a doubt by the testimony of hundreds of people who publicly claim that their eyesight has been restored by that wonderful little instrument called "Actina." "Actina" also relieves Sore and Granulated Lids, Iritis, etc., and removes Cataracts without cutting or drugging. Over seventy-five thousand "Actinas" have been sold; therefore the Actina treatment is not an experiment, but is reliable. The following letters are but samples of hundreds we receive;



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"Actina" can be used by old and young with perfect safety. Every member of the family can use the one "Actina" for any form of disease of the Eye, Ear, Throat or Head. One will last for years and is always ready for use. "Actina" will be sent on trial, postpaid.

If you will send your name and address to the Actina Appliance Co., Dept. 302 N., 811 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo., you will receive absolutely FREE a valuable book—Prof. Wilson's Treatise on Disease.

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TO make a mistake is not so bad. He who lives in terror of mistakes will do nothing—make no headway. To live up to your highest light today is wisdom. You may very properly repudiate it all to-morrow if so be it, but you may never say "I was wrong yesterday," if you have acted according to your highest conception at the time. To do this is to be right to-day, to-morrow--always.

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A Straight Talk With You.

Half the misery in this world is due to ill-health, father of Poverty, in turn the breeder of many evils. A physically normal man or woman is almost a rarity these days—statistics say 1 in 32. The impossibility of bettering this state of affairs is not directly the fault of the medical profession. **No physician can hope** to cure disease unless he can **correctly** diagnose disease; and **he** knows it. The M. D. diagnoses disease from the **symptoms** presented which are very often misleading. Here is where he "falls down;" and "in spite of the best medical skill," etc., poor Jones dies of some "complication" which the private autopsy discloses he never had.

The truth is, that when an M. D. competes with a person gifted with clairvoyance in discovering the seat of the trouble he is heavily handicapped. Here is an illustration:

Between 60 and 100 people visit Mrs. J. H. R. Matteson at her home in Buffalo **every day** in the year; and in addition to this, Mrs. Matteson treats between 30 and 40 people **every day** in the year by mail. Why? Because she has cured their friends, who have sent them to her. Did you ever see between 60 and 100 patients waiting in an M. D.'s anteroom? Mrs. Matteson is not an M. D.; and of course her enormous practice has time and again excited the envy of the "regulars," who can't understand her success. The medical societies have had Mrs. Matteson brought before 14 Grand Juries in three different counties (Erie, Niagara and Genesee,) to indict her for practicing medicine without a license; but every Grand Jury has **refused** to indict her—though technically she **is** guilty of fracturing the law. Why have the Grand Juries failed to indict?

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Mrs. J. H. R. Matteson cured me 25 years ago of Bright's disease with her No. 12 Clairvoyant Remedy. I was given up to die by five of our best doctors. She cured me in three month's treatment. I have recommended the No. 12 kidney and liver cure to many, and all have received good health through it. Respectfully, John L. Chase, R. F. D., Gasport, Niagara Co., N. Y.

Treatment **always** reasonable, and cures **absolutely** guaranteed. If interested, send name on postal for booklet of information, and kindly mention names of invalid friends - they will thank you for it. For 33 years located at 248 N. Division St., Buffalo, N. Y

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CONSTIPATION is a disease of filth and is the cause of 90 per cent. of all your ailments. What good can come out of a man or woman whose Erie Canal is all clogged up and out of commission?

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To look for and expect the best in our neighbors.

To do our full duty without shirking or repining,
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To live and encourage others by our example to
live the right life of cleanliness, purity in
body, thought and action.

To work and to think, to live, love, laugh and play.

To promote the Universal Brotherhood of Man.

We recognize all systems and all religions. They
are all ours, we take our own wherever we
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Have you anything to add to this?

If not, are you with us?

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A WOMAN is happier if she has her own spending money, no matter what her circumstances in life may be. There is no finer joy than having money of her very own, earned by her own efforts, quite outside of home duties. A dime thus acquired brings more pleasure than a dollar coaxed, cajoled, wheedled or lifted by the conjugal touch out of His Masculinity.

We offer women and girls an easy, delightful method of earning pin money, and more if necessary. Our products—dainty toilet requisites, perfumes, sachets, etc., with some of the more staple articles of daily use, as pure flavorings and baking powder—are in demand in every home. Finest quality, perfect satisfaction, lowest prices. Sold on a new and novel plan.

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The Open Road

Official Organ of the Society of the
UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD OF MAN



*Afoot and light-
hearted I take to
the open road,
Healthy, free, the
world before me,
The long brown path
before me leading
wherever I choose.*

— Old Walt

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Journal of the Society of the

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Published Monthly at

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Entered as second-class matter, September 8, 1908, at the Postoffice at Griffith, Indiana, under act of March 3, 1879.

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The Open Road

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The Open Road

From this hour I ordain myself loos'd of limits
and imaginary lines,

Going where I list, my own master total and absolute
Listening to others, considering well what they say,
Pausing, searching, receiving, contemplating,
Gently, but with undeniable will divesting
Myself of the holds that would hold me.

WALT WHITMAN.

THE OPEN ROAD

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Do this to the glory and ease of your con-
science and that your days may be long in the land.

Amen—ANANIAS.

Hoba is feminine for Hobo, See any Professor of Latin or Latin Prof., Ph.G. or Veterinary

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VOL. II

FEBRUARY, 1909.

NO. 2

Bruce T. Calvert, Editor and Publisher,

Two Men and a Book.

THOMAS JEFFERSON is a book written by Elbert Hubbard and Hon. John J. Lentz, about the man whose policies and principles are today shaping the destinies of the country.

The book is gotten up in the usual dainty Roycroft style, and it may be considered one of the most valuable contributions to Jeffersoniana in the literature of our times. The great Democrat stands before us a living and breathing figure. We look into his heart and read his thoughts, share his struggles and hopes. We realize the character and lofty patriotism of the man

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who made free speech and free thought possible in America; the man whose life and work lays its obligations on every generation that may spring up on American soil until the end of time.

But, fascinating as the book is, I must say that the two authors interest me far more. Here as everywhere it is the worker more than his work that appeals to me, and these two men Lentz and Hubbard give me an opportunity to illustrate a point I want to make as to right living and the failure of modern educational and religious systems to really educate in the primary needs of life. I maintain that health and a knowledge of the care of the body are the very first things requisite for true greatness and nobility of soul.

John J. Lentz is a man of massive build, he must weigh close to three hundred pounds, strong as an ox, of good old German stock, and with even ordinary care a body and brain fit to wear a cen-

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tury or longer. He is a man of great vitality; a thinker; one whose heart beats for humanity, a statesman and a great orator. On the platform he is one of the finest examples we still have of the old school of oratory, now unhappily passing. I have heard him speak frequently and I know from his appearance that he probably violates every law of health in eating, drinking and care of the body. He is vastly over weight, and is carrying with him daily a load of diseases and accumulated dietetic errors that will explode at the right time, and it will go hard with him unless he reform in time to save himself. Yet this man has probably never had a sick day in his life, and because of this he will scoff at this article and pooh pooh any doctor who would suggest that he call a halt.

Why can he thus defy all the laws of hygiene and apparently go scott free? He can't. We live in a universe of law.

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There is no power on earth or among men, in hell or heaven, that can set aside the working of the primal law of cause and effect. Lentz is now sustained by his natural vitality and particularly by his great brain power. The brain is the vital station of the body. That active mind now supplies all the needed energy to overcome abuses and enable him to do his work, but it will not always be so. He is drawing on his reserve energy. Some of these days a draft will be refused. If you and I tried that mode of life, we would go down and out in a hurry.



The man who borrows of his capital, of his life force, without renewing it daily by living the right life must settle sooner or later, and with interest compounded at that. Now just as soon as that great brain of our statesman begins to flag ever so little, the moment that vital energy

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begins to slacken but a trifle, from every corner of his great body will spring the jackals and wolves of creditors demand their due, and our friend will find himself on the road to physical or mental bankruptcy.

Whether Lentz or Hubbard be the greater man posterity must decide, but Hubbard with his simple, frugal and abstemious habits of life, child of nature that he is, living close the earth, with appetite, and all the senses under control, will be here to bless the world with his beautiful life and his message and to receive the love of his friends long after John J. Lentz has been gathered to his fathers.



It pays to live the right life. Why should a man built to see a hundred or more years snuff out at forty, fifty, seventy, even before reaching his best period? And of what use to us is all the

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learning and all the culture that the world has to offer, if with it all, we do not know the simple things of taking care of this body, to keep it in trim, making it a fit and harmonious instrument, that our burdens may be light and our days be long in the land.

What profiteth us to gain the whole world of art, music, song, literature, science and religion, and yet lose this body; yet be so ignorant of the things that concern human life and health.

OUR ANTEQUATED school system is still blindly following the fetishes of the past; still guaging mental acquirement by the verbal memory. Squeers is still flourishing. We are likely to meet him in almost any school organization. All the average teacher wants to know is "how much do you remember," not "how much do you understand." And poor Harold or Mamie struggles to recall the

The Open Road

words the teacher wants to hear, but without an idea in their dear little heads.

Memory is not memorizing. It is something very different. The two faculties are in fact scarcely related.

Read this to any teacher, college or primary, and I wager you will find it disputed instantly. Yet the understanding of this statement would actually revolutionize the school system of America. You may cultivate a phenomenal capacity for memorizing and yet have little or no memory. Some of the greatest memorizers of the world have been subnormals.

Memory is the very crown and seat of all the human faculties. Memory is understanding. It is soul expansion, being. Memory can be cultivated, too, but not by memorizing. No system of mnemonics is of any aid to memory. Indeed I regard all such mechanical methods as positively hurtful and dangerous to mental growth.

Who that ever heard the famous pianist Blind Tom repeat a difficult musical com-

The Open Road

position from hearing it played once would envy the poor idiot his marvelous memory? Understanding does not depend upon memorizing. On the contrary, the effort to memorize defeats the understanding. Thus if we concentrate all our faculties we may actually assimilate a lecture so well, that while we may not be able to repeat a single word of it, yet it has all become incorporated in us, a part of ourselves, as food that is perfectly digested passes directly into circulation, but incompatible foods will decompose and make their presence known by flatulence and regurgitation. To be able to repeat your words, your form of expression is of no value to me, but to assimilate your thought perfectly and transmute it into my own language is understanding.

Most of us remember too much now. What we need is a good system of forgettery in place of mnemonics. Give us less memorizing, more memory, more understanding, more light, is our prayer.

The Open Road

Don't be an end seat hog. If all the front seats and proscenium boxes in heaven are taken up by the saints and saintesses, you will find plenty of room and good company in—the other place.

I have no patience with those who prate so loudly about their consistency and who berate the so-called inconsistent individual. We are all familiar with the property "bunch of spinach" handed out at about every orthodox funeral, "He was a consistent Christian for forty years." That's right too. He could not have been consistent forty years and have been anything else but a Christian, because Christianity admits of no progress. It is dead at the heart, rotten at the roots and splitting at the ends. The only absolutely consistent man is a dead man. If you today endorse fully all the things you said and did a year ago, you are a dead one. You are at the end of your leather.

We must remain fluid, we must change. If we do not we ossify. It is a thing to be

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ashamed of rather than a matter of pride that we hold the same views today that we did twenty years ago. Only the fool in his folly will make such a claim. No live man can do that. One reason why woman as a rule is more nearly right on most things than man is that she changes her mind more readily. She is more fluid and thus she gets a new viewpoint while we men cling to our conservatism, our consistency, or stupidity of which we make a fetish and block the way to advancement.

If you don't think you can stand our dope for a year, take a small dose, say three month's trial for 10 cents. Then, if your appetite is still good, we'll soak you for a year, or a life membership, Selah.

What a fool a gambler is! For in every gambling transaction from the wheat-pit to the crap-shooting coon in the alley, the winner is always the greatest loser. The gambler will not understand this statement. If he could understand it he would not be a gambler.

The Open Road

No man who wears a label can be wholly free. Be he Christian or Jew, Mohammedan or what not, he becomes bound by the system he espouses. Some may have a little more chain than others, but they are bound just the same. Off with the fetters ! The Open Road for freedom.

We have heard much about the evils of the competitive system. Perhaps in our weakness for formula and our readiness to adopt standard expressions, we carry our abuse of competition too far. I do not think we really want to destroy the competitive system as many well-wishers of humanity now seem to intimate. Competition in the proper direction is right and holy. We cannot nor should we want to eliminate it. Humankind can work in no other way. Progress can come about by no other means. It is an inherent human principle, to compete, to vie, with one another.

All we want to do is to change the method, the ideals, change the direction of its activity, turning the energy wasted in fighting one another, pulling down, into the nobler channels of help, brotherhood. Competition for selfish

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ends is cruel and brutal. Competition in kind words, kind thoughts and kind deeds is righteous. What is more beautiful in all human relations than the competition of lovers, for example, which shall outdo the other in acts of kindness and self-sacrifice for the approval of the cherished one?

There are certain great universal principles underlying the solution of life's problem, but to make a fetish of any one of these, to the exclusion of all others, is to lose the rational viewpoint, to be out of focus with life and to arrive nowhere. If we would grow harmoniously and make the most of this fleeting span with its possibilities, all basic principles must be applied and all in their proper places.

We have had the Stone Age, the Age of Philosophy, of Art, Music, Architecture, Transportation, Commerce, the Age of Iron, Precious Metals and of Steam. When shall we have the age of man?

The Open Road

If nature has any special revelations, it must be for the man who is at work. They surely must come to him thru his work or not at all.

One of my severest critics is Aunt Sapphira. She says:—

“Here’s what I think of your Race Suicide article in November. When you said G. Stanley Hall presented no remedy at all, I naturally thought you had one, but I was disappointed. You say educate the parents, Stanley Hall says educate the children. Of course, I agree that to improve social conditions is the remedy, but how? You touched that point so gingerly that the average reader would not notice it. Did you not miss the vital point? That economic independence of the mothers of the race will settle sex problems and also all other problems.”

I don’t argue with Aunt Sapphira. I have learned better in the years I have known her, and I find that she is occasionally right. I leave the question with the Open Roaders.

The Open Road

THE GET-RICH-QUICK schemes of our day find ready victims on the very same principle that enables organized religion and a professional clergy to thrive,—namely the desire to possess and enjoy that which has not been earned.

The crazed dupe parts with his money to the get-rich-quick concern in the vain hope of receiving a reward without earning it, not knowing that this is forbidden in nature; that we can enjoy nothing, possess nothing, without earning it. And the unthinking orthodox herd expects to slide into the new Jerusalem on a free ticket, provided by the church, charged to the account of Jesus on the cross. Same principle exactly.

The get-rich-quick frauds could not flourish except among a people obsessed by the superstition that Jesus or the Holy Ghost or Mary the Mother of God, or some theological phantom is able save

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a man from the just consequences of his own acts.

And so the religion of this age is to get something for nothing. It won't work.

No man is entitled to salvation or anything else of benefit unless he has earned it—unless he gives a fair return for it.

What God hath put asunder no man can join together.

Pigeon-Roost has in it the making of a great city. It has never had a boom but just a solid and substantial growth. It has more than held its own, in fact has doubled its population since I discovered the spot five years ago. It had then two houses, now it has four. How is that for a real estate man's paradise?

Religion is all right too if we would only connect it with life. That is our great trouble today. Orthodoxy has too long centered its religious system on death and has thus grown out of touch with life.

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YES THE problem of this age and indeed of humanity until it has been solved is to unite practical commercialism with ideal altruism. We do not want to sit down and let some one else support us in idleness neither do we want to give away the products of our labor for nothing. We do not want to be exploited and ravaged by those who have the power to do it, neither do we want to see another human being suffer for the needs and comforts of life while we have more than we can use. Where is the Moses who will lead us out of this wilderness?

Until a leader arises or the people have developed an industrial and economic conscience quickened by the spirit of brotherhood to enable them to deal successfully with these questions, we'll all just travel the Open Road, try to keep sane and sweet, do our work the best we can, laugh and play, and be receptive to the still small voice within that bids us ever, even in the midst of turmoil, look forward to the coming time of peace on earth and good will to all men.

The Open Road

IT IS TIME the stuffing was kicked out of some of these musty and bewhiskered old traditions. People get into the habit of believing things because somebody else does. They are repeated from mouth to mouth and go rolling down the ages as gems of truth until shattered by some iconoclast.

Here is a shining example of one that you will see done in worsted or worked in mother's hair framed and hanging over the hair-cloth sofa in the front room of thousands of homes.

"He who steals my purse, steals trash, but he who steals my good name takes all that I have."

One of the most revered and honored of the old saws, but dodgasted rot. Any man who leaves his good name around so careless like either hasn't much of a name or he deserves to lose it. A real good name cannot be walked away with by any common second-story man, any more than Niagara Falls could be toted away. No man can take from you that which is your own.

The Open Road

Nature is not solicitous for the individual. She permits the weak to perish. Only in man do we find the spirit of sympathy and protection for the weak. The development of sympathy—love—in man keeps pace exactly with his evolution from the primitive stages.

THE WORLD is making head. We do move. The Church of Humanity has lately been organized at Great Bend, Kansas, through the instrumentality of Rev. W. H. Kerr, a preacher after the order of Melchisadek who refuses to have his brain cells controlled by the diocese.

The new organization starts off with a membership of 252 people. It is to be national in its scope, members everywhere being solicited. Its object as stated in Article II of the constitution is:

“To rescue and preserve the people from the idolatry of fabulous gods and beliefs in conscious life surviving death,

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by a systematic and efficient method of teaching them the two discoveries in natural science that immaterial, intelligent beings do not exist in the universe and that death is the permanent cessation of organic life."

This looks promising. Stupid orthodoxy has got to change its front or be wiped out. Here are four rules laid down by Pastor Kerr for the guidance of members:

1. We should not abuse idolaters by word or writing on account of their ignorance of the truth about God and life.

2. We should not join, aid nor allow our children to attend any society that teaches there is a God and that life survives death, or that makes belief in such errors a requirement of membership.

3. We should not have the services of the clergy or any religious ceremonies at a wedding or a funeral in our families.

4. We should try to be good, intelli-

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gent citizens and teach our children to be such."

This is good religion, no matter what you call it, even if the organization has made the mistake of calling itself a "Church."

When the hearts of men are right, we cannot afford to wrangle about tags and labels. Let the good work go on. Ignorance and superstition must give way in time to the dawning light of intelligence.

Love is the Alchemist who transmutes the little leaden things of everyday life into the purest gems of joy.

Modern Christianity, that is to say, Churchianity, is a system supposed to be founded upon the life and works of a man whose special qualification and fitness for the position of leader and whose principle claim to divinity rests upon the fact that he had no father.

The Open Road

DO NOT abuse the doctors. After all they are a part of humanity. They represent our own evil side, our lower nature, our depraved superstitions. The doctor and the drug-shop are ever present reminders of our barbarity. We ourselves have evolved the medical profession out of our own gross indulgences, sensualism, laziness, stupidity and general cussedness. The doctor is our alter ego, so when we blame him we do wrong. It is in us the evil lies.

If we all did just exactly at all times what others expect of us, what a deadly dull and saffron world we should live in. It is the unexpectedness in men and women that is the very spice and savour of life. Your steady individual living by rule and line guaging his comings and goings with mathematical exactness would be about as lively a neighbor as the Sphinx or a Cliff Dweller's ruin.

The Open Road

FREEDOM and democracy put into practical application must touch life at every point to be vital. Your true citizen of the Universe with the democratic spirit will manifest his conception of freedom in every relation of life. Some men are free in religion but narrow and hide-bound in politics and science. Others are willing to grant you freedom in politics but deny it in religion and fight you to the bitter end if you don't accept their particular brand.

What we want is a new society that will live and grant freedom to all, that touches life at every point in religion, science, philosophy, economics and social relations. Step by step we fight our painful way, getting a little freedom at a time, giving here and there, but advancing steadily forward toward the goal, which is absolute freedom in every human relation.

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A SLAVE is a slave whether he wear rusty chains or golden bracelets, be his master god or devil. A slave to a god is no better off than him with the devil for his master, indeed hardly so well for old Nick, according to the Theologians—who created him—is a decidedly more interesting personage than the namby pamby, preposterous god of Christianity. Life with Nick would at least have the merit of being exciting and various.

Who wants to hear the Golden Harps twanging the same old prosodies thruout all eternity? Off with the chains! Without freedom life is not worth while?

I would rather be kicked to death by Belshazzer than to sit through many of the sermons that will be preached to-day in the so-called Christian pulpits.

The Open Road

HOW TRUE it is that in the midst of life we are in danger. I was sitting peacefully in my seat on the train the other day meditating on the joys of THE OPEN ROAD when my companion, a young man with bushy hair and beautiful eyes, without any provocation or warning whatever suddenly put up his suit case between the seats, unfolded and extended it, and behold! a full-fledged little church organ from which he immediately began to extract a series of Moody and Sankey hymns.

Can it be possible that I seemed to reflect the need of salvation in my cosmos, or was this well-intentioned but misguided youth simply going about the world pumping Moody and Sankey drivel into the public on general missionary principles? Hereafter I shall look with suspicion upon every bushy-haired young man with beautiful eyes and a peculiar suitcase.

The Open Road

Initiative will never come through the study of books, but always through nature and from work. It is work alone that puts us in touch with the divine powers, that translates for us the mysteries of the universe, reveals to us the treasures in the crypts of universal knowledge.

Why does the orthodox herd protest so vigorously against having its little dinky superstition taken away from it. I think I know why. It is because to construct a philosophy of life for oneself necessitates a good deal of thinking and your average man with orthodox training and association, is a little shy on thinking apparatus. His carbureter is fouled, his sparker doesn't ignite. He finds it so much easier to pay the preacher to do his religious thinking for him and hand him his philosophy of life on a platter, ready-made, tied up with pink ribbon, that he fights to the death rather than give up his gruel and go in for solid mental food. In passing, it may be noted that

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if the estimate he puts on the ability of the man he pays to do his thinking and dessicate his philosophy for him is indicated by the average preacher's salary in America, which is something less than \$700 per annum, the religious output of the times must be very punk.



The trouble is orthodoxy has run short of leaders. The outsiders have all the good talent, while it is only class B material that remains in the orthodox merry-go-round. My fellow-preachers had better get busy trying easy steps in independent thinking, because the hand-writing is on the wall. One of these days, they will be thrown upon their uppers and will have to think or sink.

**What is sweeter than the harmony of souls
who understand.**

Health and Diet Hints.

Look well to your feet these chilly days. If you come home tired and cold, soak your feet in hot water immediately and then rub them thoroly with the hands and apply a little olive oil or sweet almond oil. The feet may be protected by wearing silk cloths next to them drawing the stockings on over the cloths. If inclined to bronchial troubles make a practise of wetting the chest and throat with cold water every morning and slapping with your hands until the skin glows; chew your foods longer; do not mix so many varieties in the same meal.

If your appetite is poor, thank the Lord for it and give the stomach a rest for a day or so. Never force food into the stomach in advance of hunger, and never eat unless you are hungry enough to eat anything. Dressing foods with sauces and spices to bolster up an appetite is madness. Let the stomach alone and remember that with most of us appetite is a diseased condition. Appetite and natural hunger are very different things.

The Open Road

In the Woods.

Yes, January has its joys. The winter represents the period of retirement, the summer and spring we might say are seasons of expression, beauty, growth, expansion, outflowering, while in the winter we have the gathering of forces, of readjustment, a period not of death, but a necessary prelude to rejuvenation, a breathing spell so to speak, a lull, or relaxation between the high points of expression.

We, too, need this season of retirement, of gathering in and concentrating our forces, just as much as we need the other side of life, that of expression, throwing out, foliating. We need the opportunity for communion with ourselves and we need occasionally to get away from the world, not for too long and not too far away, but we must withdraw for a little while at times from the giddy whirl of social and business activities. We shall be all the better for it. We must have a little time to be alone, to take stock in ourselves, as it were,

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to get acquainted with our own natures, to see ourselves free from the espionage of the world. This can only be done in solitude and I think one can come to an understanding with himself more quickly in the woods or out in the fields under the blue deeps of sky better than anywhere else.



And so, in this period of readjustment with ourselves, of re-focusing, we gather strength, like the trees which are not dead, but simply sleeping, the circulation going on during sleep just the same. They are building up the tissues, knitting up the ravelled sleeve of care, getting ready for the morrow. All is a divine process, all a part of nature. For every crest of a wave there must be a hollow, for every mountain a valley, after every explosion a period of silence. Thru all nature this duality obtains. We only know things thru their opposites. In a world without darkness we could ne'er know the joy of light, we could

The Open Road

not know joy and love except for their antitheses. All is dual, all is necessary and all is beautiful.

There is today a nobility and majesty in the strong oak who stands out proudly against the dark winter sky that you would never suspect in the season of foliage. He who loves trees loves them all the more now when he knows them naked of their adornment. Rugged and bare they stand, yet careless alike of the howling winds and the frost king who holds them in his icy embrace. Unterrified and unmoved they go their silent way, holding their own, getting ready for the work of the coming spring of radiance and beauty.



I think I could live with trees. A tree stands as an emblem of human life. Around it are centered some of the most sacred associations of the race. According to Jewish mythology, man began his life in a garden. In early Eden, remember, we had the Tree of

The Open Road

Knowledge, of good and evil. A tree is symbolic of the human race. We frequently speak of the Tree of Life with its trunk, root, branches, leaves and blossoms. But the trees are so faithful and true, and that is why I love them. They are sympathetic, too. They listen, they do not talk back to you, they never tell their troubles, and yet they are ready to speak to you in their own language when you are ready to hear. You always know where to find your friends the trees, they're always there. You can put your hand on them in the dark.

If the dollar you have is yours, if you have acquired it honestly, thru no unfair advantage, chicancery or thievery, you will do no good with it to give it away, but if you have not so come by it, get rid of it quickly. It will eat into your heart, canker your manhood and damn your soul.

Did you order your bound copy of Vol. I?

Dear Fra Calvert:

I received your "dope" as you call it, a few days ago, but as it is taken on the OPEN ROAD I have found it exhilarating and uplifting. Let me assure you that my subscription is the unspoken praise of the work you are engaged in. The prodding which men like you and Brother Hubbard give to the slow, narrow-minded, prejudiced average Yankee, who has been trying for generations to impress along with his many good qualities, also his bad ones, upon the cosmopolitan population of the United States is most refreshing, and the best thing that can be done to insure progress.

Hoping to meet you soon again, I am with kindest regards,
Yours always most sincerely, THEODORE SUTRO, New York.

I received by today's mail the little booklet entitled THE OPEN ROAD. Enjoyed reading it immensely. The booklet is O. K., and I am glad to be a member of the fraternity.

Sincerely, CAROLYN V. SABOLSKY, Butte, Mont.

Your first edition of THE OPEN ROAD surpassed my expectation. The copy which came to Pancake Inn was read with great pleasure by those of the Tribe who were present. We look forward to subsequent issues with joyful anticipation.

ROE G. CHASE, St. Francis, Minn.

My Dear Mr. Calvert:

I shall be glad to put you on our exchange list. I have been interested in running over the copy of THE OPEN ROAD, which you sent me, and it looks very attractive.

With kindest regards, I am, cordially yours,

DR. ORISON SWETT MARDEN, Editor Success Magazine, N. Y.

We are in receipt of your letter and the initial number of your magazine, THE OPEN ROAD, and it gives us great pleasure to offer you our congratulations upon the new magazine. Our best wishes always extend to such enterprises. We have enjoyed reading your magazine greatly.

"MODERN MIRACLES," New York City.

DEAR COMRADE:

I enjoy your food and want more and am renewing for a year's supply. I am with you in thought and wish you joy in your grand work, as I believe the magazine is a work of love and good results are sure to follow.

PARK J. DILLS, Johnstown, N. Y.

Is She Writing to You?

NEW YORK CITY, October 30, 1908.

To Whom it may concern:—

After suffering from nervous indigestion, despondency, and bad circulation for eight years, and having tried every form of medical treatment without success, I was advised by my lawyer who had been helped by E. J. Beach, Food Scientist, 18-20 East 42nd street, New York city, to consult with him.

I could not stand on my feet more than a few minutes at a time, and life seemed scarcely worth living.

Now after only one month's use of Mr. Beach's system I feel better than ever before in my life, my digestion is normal and I am able to attend to all my duties without difficulty.

Already Mr. Beach's system has given me hundreds of dollars' worth of benefit, in fact many times the moderate fee charged, and I most sincerely commend him to anyone who lacks complete health.

Yours very truly,

MRS. J. B. CRANDELL,

561 West 143rd Street New York City

Does this woman's letter concern *you*?

Are you bending under a burden of disease, and despondently waiting for the end you feel is certain and near?

Cheer up! The Help is at hand.

Write me and let me first restore your confidence by demonstrating to your own common sense that unless you are already half dead, I can teach you not only how to *live*, but to *enjoy* life.

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Let me help you repair your weakened triangle. My

FREE QUESTION BLANK

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Results are Guaranteed or Money Refunded. If after carefully following my system you fail to accomplish the results promised, your money will be refunded on demand.

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Send 10 cnts for trial package or \$2.00 for three jars. Use according to directions for 30 days, and if not entirely satisfactory, return what is left at our expense and your money will be cheerfully refunded. The editor of this magazine will guarantee the reliability of The Stewart Food Co. A valuable little book on digestion and assimilation of food, free. Write for it.

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IT is a strange thing: adventure. I looked for her high and I looked for her low: and she passed my door in a tattered garment—unheeded. For I had neither the eye of simplicity nor the heart of humility. One day I looked for her anew and I saw her beckoning from the Open Road; and underneath the tags and tatters I caught the gleam of her celestial garment; and I went with her into a new world. DAVID GRAYSON.

Don't forget to say, "I saw your ad. in the Open Road."

From Prof. Frank Theodore Allen, the Brilliant Astrologist and Sociologist, in the *Astrological Iconoclast*.

“THE OPEN ROAD.”

Have just finished the trying task of selecting the comparatively few articles I have room for out of the mass written and ready for this issue, when there comes to my desk the initial number of THE OPEN ROAD, and with it a characteristic letter from its editor, Bruce T. Calvert. This letter and the accompanying magazine so appeal to me that I yield to the impulse to cut out enough of my other matter to speak a few words of greeting to my new compeer.

Friend Calvert is a remarkable example of the truth of the celestial influences in human life. Born at sunrise, with the Solar orb in the intellectual sign Gemini, his writings evidence the brilliancy and radiance of the Sun, his experiences demonstrate the wit and versatility of Mercury in the ascendent, and the Moon in the pioneer and dauntless sign, Aries, and in square aspect to the revolutionary and iconoclastic Uranus stamps him one of those cranks whose originality and genius destines him to stimulate the thinking machinery of all with whom he may come in contact.

Notwithstanding the fact that many believe that there is a discouraging surfeit of periodicals in the field that aspire to represent and lead in the van of progressive thought, there is abundant room for the OPEN ROAD in that part of the field to which Calvert's genius will surely cause it to gravitate.

EXTRA!! Attention. Since writing above I have yielded to the temptation to read the first number of THE OPEN ROAD, and find it to be “a corker!” There is sure to be a big demand for this magazine. The subscription price is 50 cents per year. Send me the 50 cents and I will have Friend Calvert enter your name for one year of his “Dope” and include it with one year's subscription to the *Astrological Iconoclast* to any address you may send.

Dear Mr. Calvert:

How many times must I smile? “I’ve done smole,” a long time ago, but here’s another. That Whiting, Ind., doctor got my smile, but for fear one copy may not reach me, I will subscribe for one, so I will be sure to get the OPEN ROAD. There are good and bad in all trades. I think we had better let Dr. Putnam in. He may be better than his profession.

MRS. GEO. A. BELL, Marion, Ind.

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PIGEON-ROOST—IDEAL DIETARY.

FRUIT SOUP.

Wash thoroly $\frac{1}{2}$ pound sultana raisins (white seedless raisins), $\frac{1}{2}$ pound good sweet prunes, $\frac{1}{2}$ pound seeded raisins, $\frac{1}{2}$ pound pulled or dried figs.

Put all together into an earthen bowl and pour over ever enough boiling water to cover. Let stand over night. Pour all into an earthenware vessel or porcelain lined stew pan, doubling the quantity of water. Bring to a boil. Have ready four cups of well beaten unsweetened apple sauce. Stir this in hot before removing the soup from the fire. Serve hot or cold.

You have now a delicious healthful fruit soup. The natural sweets and flavors of the fruits making a perfect combination, but if the demands of a perverted taste require artificial sweetening, use honey or rock candy in preference to sugar. If a little thickening is desired use Minute Tapioca or the small pearl tapioca.

This eaten slowly with boiled rice, rusk or whole wheat bread is an ideal meal and sufficient for any normal well intentioned person.

If I have as much pleasure in reading the OPEN ROAD for the next nine months as I have had with the first three copies received, I surely will be a thousand times repaid for the small investment.

With best wishes for your success,

H. W. CARRIGER, San Francisco, Cal.

The OPEN ROAD is great and what is better there is a soul behind it, whether it is immortal or not is not important. I mean of course, in the orthodox sense, immortality is simply human justice.

Yours for humanity,

IRA SMEDES, Metamora, Ohio.

"After you give up everything else, then try Mrs. Matteson"

CHAPPAQUA MOUNTAIN INSTITUTE,

Chappaqua, N. Y., May 19, 1908.

Mrs. J. H. R. Matteson, 248 N. Division St., Buffalo, N. Y.

My dear Mrs. Matteson:—

It is a great pleasure for me to write and thank you for all you have done for me for many years past. About twenty years ago, when I was nineteen years of age, I was taken seriously ill with diphtheria, which left me a bed-ridden invalid. For seven years I was helpless and only moved from bed to bed by nurses; and during that time the skill of fifteen doctors was tried, several of the most prominent in the profession, and to whom we paid as high as fifty dollars per visit. Finally all gave me up, and said it was impossible for me to live over a few weeks.

My uncle, Alexander Hale, living near Buffalo, then wrote and said: "After you give up everything else, then try Mrs. Matteson," and though I had no faith in you I did it to please my relatives. You examined and treated me over three hundred miles away, and said in your examination that mine was a very serious case, and it would take a long time to recover, but you believed you could cure me.

Your first bottle of medicine helped me so much that I continued your treatment, and in two years was restored to good health, and by an occasional bottle of medicine, and some good advice, I have had a reputation for years of doing more than my share of the world's work. Your wonderful gift has revolutionized my religious belief; for though I studied medicine, I had never believed that such skill as you possess could be given to any human being; and the saddest thing to me is that the scientific world cannot or will not know and accept it.

In gratitude, I am, sincerely thine

(Signed) CHAS. R. BLENIS.

The original of the above letter is in the hands of the advertiser, who certifies that this is a true copy.

If there's anything wrong with you physically, or if you have a friend who is ill, write a postal card to Mrs. J. H. R. Matteson, 248 N. Division St., Buffalo, N. Y., and request her to mail to you, or to your friend, a booklet entitled "Story of a Day." It's free; you'll never invest a cent to better advantage.

Don't forget to say, "I saw your ad. in the OPEN ROAD."

❧ PROCLAMATION ❧

In his lucid periods, off the platform, when not engaged in exorting Belshazzer, sawing wood or hoeing potatoes, the editor of THE OPEN ROAD and Keeper of the Shrine writes booklets, catalogs, circulars, and follow-up letters; also criticises any kind of business literature for members of the Brotherhood—and others.

Some say he is something of a wizard on follow-up letters that coax the agile coins out of timid pockets. His clientele, though choice, is not very large but he makes up for that in his charges. A proposition must interest him or he will not tackle it at all. There are some lines of business that he does not undertake.

If you have made the rounds of the Ad-smiths and High-Priests of Publicity and have not yet struck the right grade of pay-gravel, you better write to our man for an opinion. If he thinks he can do you good, he will tell you how he would do it and the price. If he does not think so, he will tell you candidly. A few choice clients, lines that appeal to him, best work possible, based on thorough familiarity and full sympathy with the enterprise at a fair price, is his slogan.

Sometime ago, he wrote a little booklet on BUSINESS LITERATURE. It may be worth a dollar to you, but will only cost you a postal card and a smile.

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THE OPEN ROAD,
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The Soyer Company of America

Meadville, Pa.

Mr. B. T. Calvert:

My Dear Sir—I am very much pleased with the work you have done for the Soyer Company of America in writing up the new literature, including the Manual of Instructions, Booklet on Pure Food Products and the Toilet Preparations, also numerous form letters which you have written for us are very fine.

Having had nearly twenty years' experience as salesman and Sales Manager and business organizer I feel that I can appreciate your methods and principles of conducting the business which you put into your literature, all of which I endorse most unreservedly.

A business, I believe, is based on fundamental principles and laws which are as inexorable as the law of gravitation. Happy is the man who discovers these early in his career and builds up his business accordingly.

I wish to take this opportunity to express my personal thanks and appreciation of what you have done for the Soyer Company of America.

We remain, most sincerely yours

The Soyer Company of America

Per W. W. KINCAID, President.

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Any book in this list sent postpaid on receipt of price. Order from the **OPEN ROAD**, Griffith, Indiana., R. F. D. No. 1, Pigeon-Roost-in-the-Woods.

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NOTE—You don't have to subscribe to the magazine to become a member of the Society, but you'll feel better if you do, and so will the editor.

ELIGIBILITY—All men and all women who feel their kinship to the race are invited.

INITIATION—Greet the next traveler you meet on the OPEN ROAD with a smile and a hearty handshake, and send fifty cents to the Shrine of the Society for a year's subscription to the official Journal.

GRIP—The warm, healthy grasp of true friendship.

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CREED—Kind Thought, Kind Word, Kind Deed.

RITUAL—Doing our daily work the best we can, and doing it cheerfully, kindly. Living our lives sanely and sweetly.

LITANY—The voice of the wind whispering through the tree tops.

DUTIES OF MEMBERS—Smile; recognize the divine spark in every man you meet and your kinship with all of Nature's Children.

PUNISHMENTS AND PENALTIES—Man can only punish himself. If you feel that you have conducted yourself as unbecoming a member of the noble Brotherhood; if you have failed to look for the best in your neighbor, or if in a moment of weakness you have let loose a barbed arrow of pain to wound a brother or a sister, just send half a dollar and the name of your victim for a year's subscription to the OPEN ROAD, receive absolution from the Shrine, take a new grip on yourself, resolve not to do so again, and forget it. .

PURPOSE—To encourage the sentiment for right living, and to express in our lives the beautiful spirit of Brotherhood and love for one another, which is to solve all human problems and bring about peace on earth and good will to all men.

HOW TO BECOME A MEMBER—Smile, and send half a dollar with your name and address for membership card and subscription to the OPEN ROAD for one year.

I have spoken.

Done at Pigeon-Roost-in-the-Woods, Indiana.

Headquarters and Shrine of the Universal Brotherhood of Man. In the Northwest Quarter of Section 32, Township 36 Range 8, West of the Principal Meridian.

By BRUCE T. CALVERT, Keeper of the Shrine,

WARNING

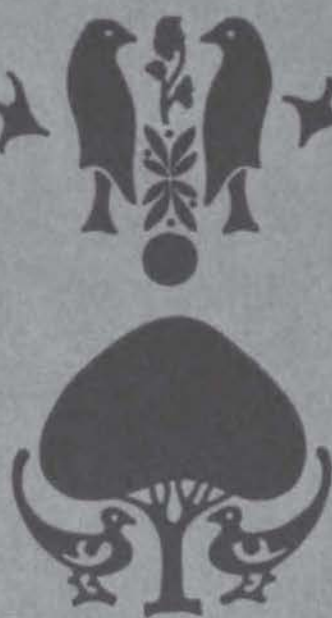
VOLUME one of the OPEN ROAD, containing the first four numbers of the publication is now being bound up. January, 1909 begins Volume two. Only a few copies of the first issue are now left so that we cannot complete a very large number of Volume one, but those who want a gem of inspiration and joy that will be well worth preserving will be provided for if they come under the wire in time.

We don't think our bound volumes will last a great while. Better get your order in early. They will be ready for delivery early this month. Shipments will be made to the fortunate ones in the order in which they are received. Price, only \$1.00 including a year's subscription to the OPEN ROAD, either new or renewal.

Don't hesitate about this. Before the end of this year you can probably get five times the price for your first volume if you want to sell it. Take my word for it, they will be in demand. A dollar William, coin, stamps, check or money order and a smile does the business. We are not finicky about our remittances.

The OPEN ROAD, Griffith, Ind.

R. F. D. No. 1. **Pigeon-Roost-in-the-Woods**



Do not try to cultivate your
mind at the expense of
your body. You can't do it.
Flabby muscles too often
mean flabby morals.

Build for health, Build
strong.

The Open Road

Official Organ of the Society of the
UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD OF MAN



*A foot and light-
hearted I take to
the open road,*

*Healthy, free, the
world before me,*

*The long brown path
before me leading
wherever I choose.*

— Old Walt

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Fifty cents a year Ten cents a copy

The Open Road

Journal of the Society of the

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They neither hasten their own delivery nor resist it,
They do not need the obstetric forceps of the surgeon,
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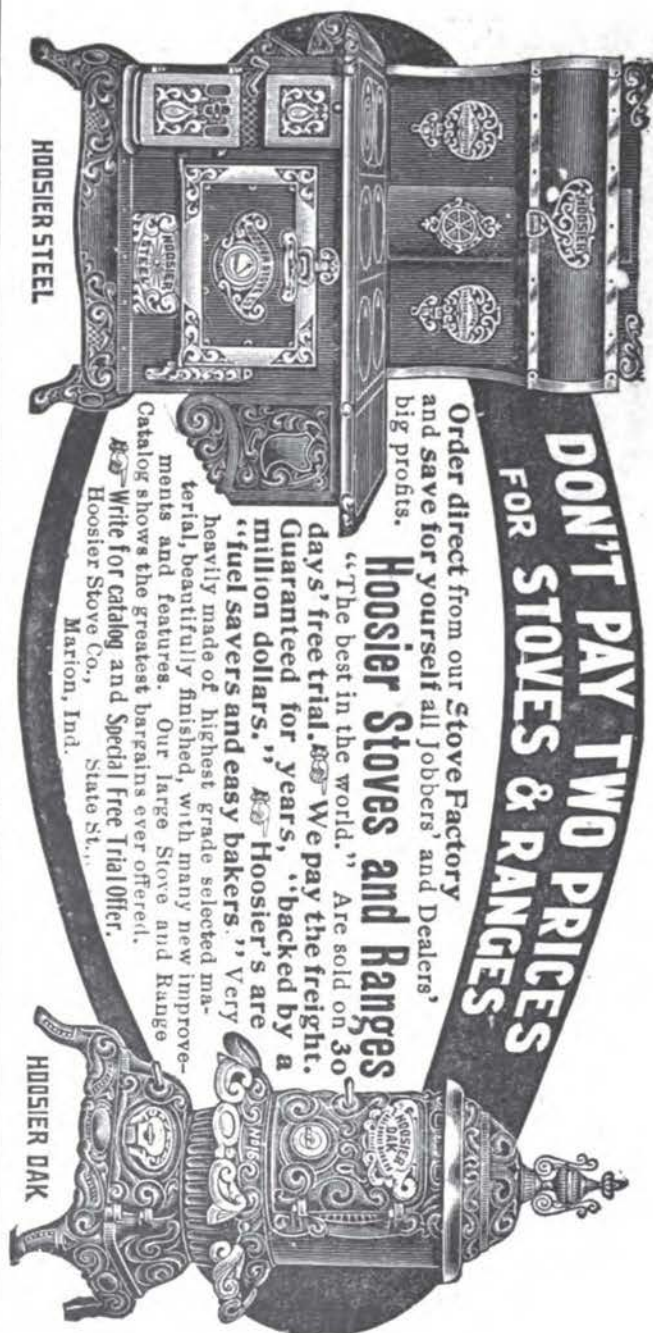
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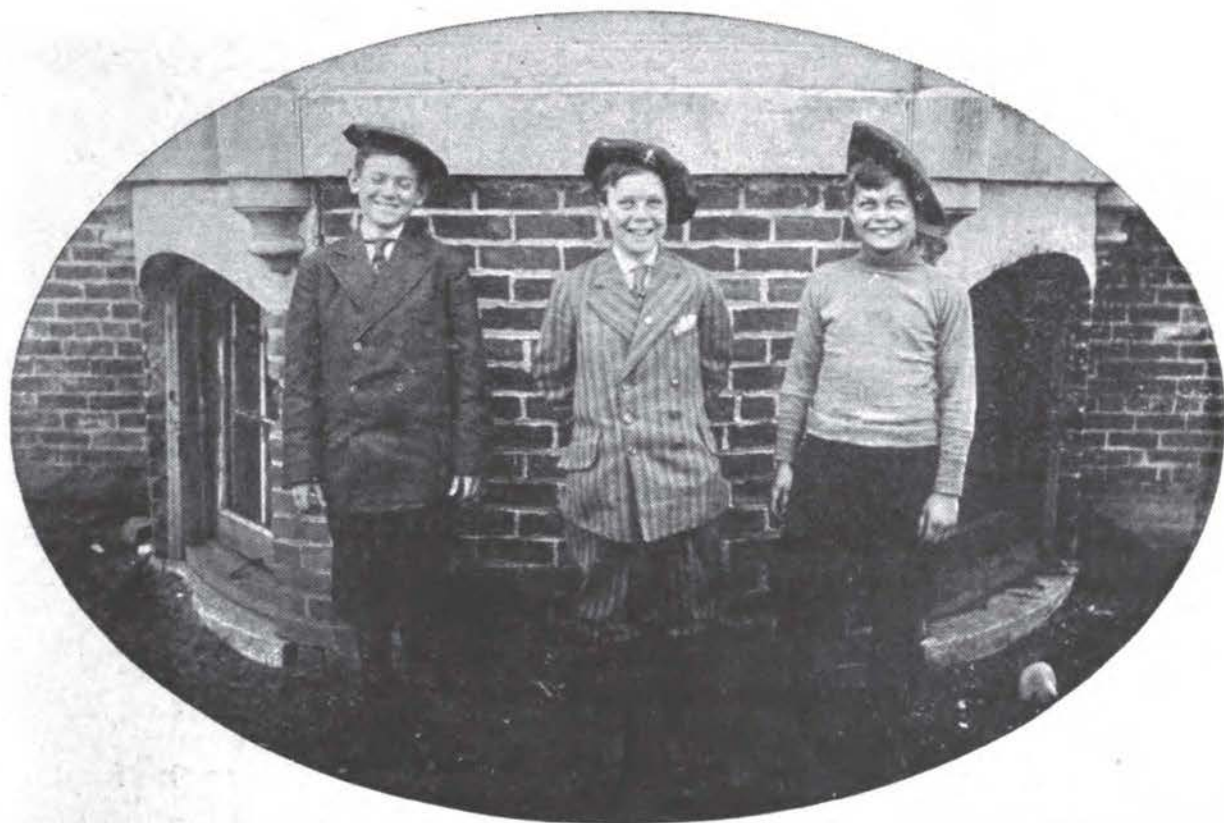
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VOL. II

MARCH, 1909.

No. 3

Bruce T. Calvert, Editor and Publisher,

DOES EDUCATION EDUCATE ?

THE Superintendent's Department of the National Educational Association and the American School Hygiene Association meeting in joint session held their annual convention a few days ago in Chicago.

Ananias allowed me leave of absence to attend the show. I thoroly enjoyed the performance of the pedagogs and the pill-rollers, and came back to the woods with much food for thought. What the doctors and teachers won't do to the school children of the nation if they get the chance isn't much. If onehalf the proposed plans

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for teaching and doctoring are put into operation, heaven help the school kids of the future.

What with shooting into his system the poisonous filth of a loathsome disease under cover of "Scientific Prophylaxis", carefully emasculating his natural powers, sapping his vital energies, anesthetizing his intuitions, stamping out his imaginative faculties, and reducing him to a physical wreck before graduation, the future of the American boy looks dark.

If this pace keeps up, the school child of the next generation is likely to be but an educated antisepticised brain-bulb, without organs, intuitions, feelings, natural desires or native abilities. He will become a culture-tube product of emasculated inanity in place of a healthy little animal that he is by nature, with all the organs and senses needed by him to effect his own unfoldment, if only grown-up folks would let him alone, give him time.

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The chief crime of our educational system is that it all but smothers every vestige of the child's intuition—that inner voice of the soul speaking to itself, of which, said Schleiermacher—"In it there is contact of the universal life with the individual life. It is the holy wedlock of the universe with the incarnated reason.... It is immediate, raised above all error and misunderstanding; you lie directly on the bosom of the Infinite." And when the system has done this injury to a child, it has worked a hardship upon him for which no amount of academic training or scholastic acquirements can ever compensate.

The trouble with the teacher is that like the surgeon obsessed with the mania for cutting, who would stop every other person on the street and order him to the operating table—he magnifies the importance of his own function. He would enter still more largely into the pupil's

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life, instead of seeing that he already does far too much of this now. The real teacher seeks to efface himself, to make himself unnecessary to the pupil.

But the American schoolboy is literally taught to death. He is given no opportunity at all to see what he can do for himself. Teachers seem afraid to trust nature. They will give labial assent to the statement that man is the culmination of all the ages, that he holds within himself infinite possibilities; that he is the focusing point of all the powers and forces of the universe, yet they are not willing to trust that boy outside of the school-room. They seem deluded with the idea that power comes from the course of studies, in place of from within, and so the child is taught and tutored and pushed and prodded and bedeviled all day long for four to six mortal hours in the school room, the whiles breathing that filthy, imprisoned air, and even when

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released, his sufferings are not over. He goes home, and in place of being turned out to play, he either has home work to prepare for the next day, or else he is forced by ambitious but imbecile parents to continue his studies under some special teacher for the balance of the day. On Saturday his torment is renewed by the art teacher or music master, and on Sunday the last few drops of blood are squeezed out of him. He can not romp and play as he would, but must be "dressed up" and spend hours in the stuffy germ-laden church or Sunday-school room—for be it known that the holy bacteria of the sacred edifice are no less malignant than those of the dance hall or nickelodeon—having his spiritual education looked after.

Could cruelty go further? And in heaven's name where is it to end? Can the child ever come into his own—a healthy, plastic body and mind—if even

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his divine right to play is denied him; if he is hounded from the time he opens his eyes in the morning until weary sleep rescues him from his tormentors?



And does power come from schooling and tutoring? Who then taught Socrates, Galileo, Copernicus? Who tutored Shakespeare, Darwin, Spencer, Whitman and all the rest of the mighty host? And Edison, whose genius lighted the world, what academy did he graduate from? Edison, who surely owes his marvelous achievements to the fact that his native gifts were never sterilized by college training. No product of the school system today would ever evolve the electric light or the telephone.

And the towering Lincoln, majestic giant, the deep waters of whose inner life were never troubled by the meddling fingers of Pedagogy—who taught him? From what college did he take his degree of

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Common Sense? Lincoln, who owed his clear intellect, inflexible honesty and unwavering purpose to his lack of educational advantages as much as to anything else. Could a Lincoln possibly survive the Grammar and High School course of today? That matchless intellect would as surely have been killed off as God only knows how many thousands of Lincolns, Websters and Shakespeares are being suppressed today in the public schools.

Yet in spite of this condition, which is not overdrawn, the school men deplore the fact that pupils are leaving school so early. But herein I think is one great safety check against the pernicious effects of the system. If the schools as at present conducted were to have the child for twice the average time he now spends in school, I shudder to think what kind of an eviscerated product we should get. Until the school system is modified greatly, until the ideals of education are

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raised, and the opportunities offered the growing boy are far different, we need not worry about his constantly increasing tendency to leave his classes at an early age. It is perhaps his self-protection, and the school system must show a better use of his time than it is now doing before it is entitled to any more of his life.



The superintendents of schools throughout the United States represent the best that we have intellectually, morally and spiritually, if not physically. They are an earnest, clean, sincere body of men and women, actuated by the highest motives. Yet so bound and hedged in are they by their own formulae and superstitious reverence for authority, so fearful of taking any initiative step that we find them thinking in a circle, making very little progress. They are not yet grappling with the real problems of life and present day needs, but are still engrossed with

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forms and plans, methods, courses of study, paraphernalia, apparatus.

I did not hear a single word looking to a better race of school children, to a better grade of minds for the school to deal with, yet teachers of all people fully realize the awful percentage of subnormal children that every year brings into the world. Seventy percent it is claimed of the school enrollment are physically defective. Physical deficiency means corresponding mental backwardness. The burdens of teachers would be lighter if they could have normal children to deal with. The course of study has to be prepared largely for subnormals, for incompetents, but a better race of children can never be brought into life until the future parents are educated upon the subjects of right generation, eugenics, the right of the child to be well born. But at present there seems no provision for any such education in the schools.

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Some of the papers read show an anxiety to crowd more work into the curriculum, already loaded beyond the danger line, to impose further burdens upon childish minds and bodies, when the school population is slowly breaking down under the pressure. The report that one superintendent had succeeded in reducing the grammar school course to seven years, cutting off one year, elicited the liveliest interest. But when nearly two-thirds of all the school children of the country are below the norm physically, what will be the result of further forcing; placing greater pressure upon little brains, and hearts, and nervous systems. It is plain that complete degeneracy must follow. Precocity is a bauble bought at fearful price. The early ripe soonest falls. Delay adolescence—is the cry of the great anthropologists of the world. All teaching and all religious training which does not find its ultimate

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expression in a clean, healthy, vigorous, well poised body is reactionary—dead wood.



But our school system takes no account of physical stamina, strength, health, vigor. Put on the pressure; tighten the screws; crowd them thru. They must graduate this spring at all hazard. What if Harold does collapse after the commencement exercises? What if Mamie does carry home with her diploma the seeds of disease? What is that to us? We graduated her, didn't we? We "finished" her education on time. She averaged ninety-five in all her exams; isn't that enough? We've done our duty, now let the doctors take charge of her. And if death claims her—one hundred thousand children of school age die every year—the bereaved parents may chisel upon her headstone, "She graduated with honors on schedule time." And while

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poor Mamie sleeps peacefully beneath her little marble slab a victim of twentieth century savagery, her parents have the diploma with its pretty blue ribbon for their solace.

I know of a medical journal printing office where the following lines are kept standing on the galleys. It has come to be a stock phrase, a standing joke among the employees:

“The operation was a complete success, but the patient sank rapidly, dying from shock and the autopsy confirmed the diagnosis.”

Who wouldn't be satisfied with being dead after playing the star part in such a “successful” operation.



As for initiative or spontaneity, that is the one thing not tolerated in the school room. Bless you, no. That would upset the whole system, split the curriculum into kindling wood. What would be the

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use of books on Pedagogy if the pupils in the practice schools failed to answer the questions just as laid down in the plan. A natural, healthy, normal pupil allowed any scope for originality would throw a school or college course out of gear, just as a thinker, a non-conformist is a pariah in any community. He doesn't fit into the scheme.

It is the type we want, not individuality, but the type. Our school system is one huge machine with no more flexibility than a shoe factory. We grind out souls by the gross, all of standard shape and size, as the shoes which all look alike as they come from the machines. And this tendency permeates the whole system, not only the higher schools, but all the way down to the kindergarten. We are accustomed to thinking our kindergarten schools ideal, but I am amazed to find in my investigations that even here the reduction to type has already begun.

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Little toddlers are not allowed to play naturally and spontaneously, not encouraged to invent their games and diversions, but are taught from the plans laid down in the books, all exactly alike. Surely here in his play, which is as natural to the child as to breathe, he should be himself; but no, they all play the same little games in the same pitifully apathetic way, all take the same woozy little exercises, and sing the same little songs in precisely the same listless and perfunctory manner. Even the babies must be standardized. Back to type. No place for spontaneity, initiative!

I am sure the ghost of Friedrich Froebel would rise in holy wrath could he see his beloved system being used to crush out individuality and originality in the child. Think of it! This in the name of the man who said that the function of education was to develop the faculties by arousing *voluntary activity*.

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But there is hope. Boys leave school at the average age of fourteen. If the boy stayed seven years longer he would probably be moved from his seat in the High School to a cell in the county house. Society never would get any good out of him. He would by that time be so far removed from the spirit and requirements of the day that he never could fit into the social structure. The increasing demand of commercialism, vicious as it is in reaching out for childish hands, at least saves many boys from the denaturing processes of the public schools.

But all this will change. As superintendents become broader men; as they free themselves from fetich worship; their reverence for established systems; they will come into a better understanding of life; their intellectual horizon will expand and they will give us a better system; a new education, not based upon forcing and directing, but in which some

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allowance will be made for racial accumulations as expressed in natural ability. We'll give nature a chance, and give the child its own time. We'll not run our schools as we run railroad trains. We'll not be like the little one who plants a seed and then digs it up every day to see how much it has grown, but we will realize that the child himself is but a seed in God's garden, and we will restrain our meddling hands, allowing the divine energy to express thru him in its own way and in its own time.



This was a joint meeting of the doctors and the teachers, and strange to say, the soundest Pedagogy of the whole session came not from a school man at all, but from a doctor, Woods Hutchinson, of New York City. Said he:

"You don't know what the young human animal has in him. You will admit that a colt will grow up to be not a cow, but a horse; and a kitten will surely grow to be a cat; but you are

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terribly afraid that if you don't condemn the child to hard and repugnant labor in a stuffy room in an uncomfortable seat, without even the divine right of wiggling, it will turn out to be some horrible monstrosity.

"Most of you regard the body as a kind of an unfortunate and regrettable appendage to the brain. The child is taught to bound Afghanistan, but cannot bound a single vital organ of its own body. In fact, if it could, you would consider it highly improper for him to do so in public. I believe the most of you are sorry your brains cannot walk alone.

"To such extent has this schoolroom sentencing of children to an educational tread-mill gone, that it has actually become necessary for us to choose between a child's education and its health.

"The ideal school of the future should be about one-fourth of the book work of the present, one-fourth workshop, one-fourth garden, and two-thirds play. The best preparation for success is not to teach a child to work whether it likes it or not, but to teach it to love its work."

Then to keep the balance true, I suppose, it happened that the soundest hygiene did not come from the doctors,

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but from the pedagogs, Prof. George E. Johnson, Superintendent of the Playground Association of Pittsburg, and from William L. Tomlins, the musician, who achieved international repute as choral director of the World's Columbian Exhibition at Chicago.



Prof. Tomlins' paper on "Music as a Moral Influence," was indeed one of the most vital contributions to the whole session, and I doubt if any more important message was ever laid before the teachers of America, because it leads straight to the very essence of life's meaning. Some of the school men listened to the paper with incredulous smiles, some with contemptuous indifference; very few, I am afraid, saw the possibilities of the subject, but happily the department decided to investigate Prof. Tomlins' claims, and the appointment of a committee of twelve with Dr. W. N. Hailmann, Principal of the

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great Interlaken School at Laporte, Indiana, as chairman, is, I think, ample guarantee that the matter will be thoroughly and intelligently looked into, and a report of great educational value made to the next convention.

The department should congratulate itself for such an opportunity, and we, the people, should rejoice that our educators are coming up out of narrow scholasticism into the cosmic light which bodes well for the future. If ever teachers can be brought to realize the mighty power of the breath, its real function in human life, and the relation of harmony, rhythm, song expression to character development, to the unfoldment of the human faculties as hinted at in Prof. Tomlins' talk, our whole educational system, now top-heavy, mostly artificial and loaded down with deadwood, will be revolutionized, revitalized and brought into touch with modern needs.

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School superintendents, college professors and teachers are themselves in sore need of the very training offered by this work. Among all those heavy weight pedagogs on the program, there were almost no speakers, and only indifferent readers. Many of the scholarly papers were read as if with a mouthful of hot mush. Poor articulation, poor enunciation, and unmusical voices were the rule.

Now this was not a gathering of ordinary business men, mechanics or agrarians, but superintendents of schools, college and university presidents. They represent the broadest and most liberal scholarship, supposedly the highest type of men our educational system can produce. They select the teachers and supervise the studies and daily school lives of twenty million pupils in our public schools. Yet they are unable to make a creditable presentation of their ideas on the platform. Some of the readings scarcely

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equaled what well taught eighth grade pupils should do.

In answer to this criticism the teachers, almost to a man, will say: "Never mind the expression if but we have the thought, that's the main thing." But this is sophomoric philosophy. The real student knows that thought and expression are one; that all life is in fact expression; that the two are fundamentally correlated, and that inability to express the thought of the mind clearly, musically, understandingly, has its root in brain centers that do not function. The man who tells you that he knows but can not express it, deceives himself. He is mistaken. He does not know.



Teachers above all should be quick to see the possibilities in Prof. Tomlins' message and use it to enrich their own and the lives of the children entrusted to their charge. A few weeks ago I gave a series

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of six lectures on rhythmic breathing and the philosophy of the breath in Terre Haute, Indiana. In the class were several teachers and members of college faculties. They readily grasped the mighty significance of the subject and could see its possibilities, but what can one or a few college men do in the average orthodoxly stupid community? Prometheus chained to the rock was in no worse plight than they.

But now that this matter of the breath has been taken up officially by the whole body of superintendents, I hope when the report of the committee is made at the next meeting, the Association will have the good sense to see the educational value in it and the courage of their convictions to use the mighty power of music as an educational factor in the public schools.



Let me now urge a new pedagogical precept upon the teachers of America:

Give nature a chance. Trust the boy.

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Be willing to learn of him. Do you think you can teach a child anything? You cannot. No teacher is great enough, wise enough, pure enough to fathom the innocent mind of childhood. What can you do then? Give him the proper environment as far as possible; see to it that his sum of vital energy is not depleted but conserved and added to; provide him the opportunity for exercising all of his faculties, mental, physical, spiritual, and then—hands off. Let him alone. Leave him free to develop according to the law of his own being. More than this no teacher, no man, no woman, no God can do.

The following composition by Eleanor, aged seven, was handed to me by a Milwaukee teacher, the other day. It seems that Eleanor had been to church, and this was her impression of the cheerful crucifixion scene:

"The Jesus is very large. The Jesus is very long. The Jesus is very beautiful. The Jesus is very dead.

From your sister,

ELEANOR."

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FROM THE "Good Thought Society of San Francisco" comes an order for four subscriptions to the **THE OPEN ROAD** through its president and founder, Olivia Kingsland. I note on the roll of officers and directors of this novel organization the name of Prof. Edgar L. Larkin, as Honorary President. Among the announced purposes of the Society, I find the following:

"The object of this society is to cultivate and maintain the thought that's good and encourage and uphold every one engaged in noble work for the uplifting of humanity. The members are requested to perform one duty, and one only, in common, to write a postal or note of thanks and approval to any one in their neighborhood or in the world at large who does a noble and unselfish deed. This society aims to offer to its membership a communion of souls to bring harmony out the present chaos and to create heaven now by building it with good thought, for it's the mind that makes the body rich."

To all of which I say, Amen, and more too. The world could actually be regene-

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rated in ninety days, if instead of maintaining institutions for the teaching theology, bigotry, selfish snarling creeds, we could all unite in such noble and unselfish efforts as The Good Thought Society of San Francisco proposes.

Think of the energy wasted, the time and money passed through the machinery of our sectarian schools and colleges; millions of people paying good money for the support of organization to teach theology, insubstantial shadows, while millions and millions of people do not know the ordinary rules of health to keep them alive from day to day. Teaching creeds, bigotry, dogmatics, when there is so much to be learned in agriculture, eugenics, health, food chemistry, right living, the arts and crafts and all that makes up the real things in life.

Surely the Theological "Cemetery" is the greatest anachronism of this twentieth century of light. If the preacher factories

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must run why not teach something useful. Right living for example; how to escape the clutches of the doctor and the undertaker in this life rather than to dodge the theological hell of the next. We have an army of preachers in America. Suppose each one of them was well trained in the science of right living, practical economists, what splendid work they might do in helping to solve the problems that confront us. How in the great cities they might tackle the problem of the unemployed; not in the way of degrading and pauperizing charity, but from the standpoint of capable workers and practical economists; to teach and to talk health and life—wouldn't the gods in heaven smile down their approval.

I know very well that the ecclesiast who reads this will carefully adjust his clean white tie, thoughtfully join his fingertips over his ample and rotund corporation and smile benignly over his gold.

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bowed glasses in pitying contempt for the ignorance which presumes to suggest that the things of this world concern us far more than the things of the next or any other.

But the light is breaking. The day is at hand. Even the church will have to abandon its position of intrenched ignorance and error before the great wave of truth and sanity that is coming. My fellow preachers had better buckle on their life preservers and be ready to jump before the wreck is awash.

Volume I, of the OPEN ROAD, neatly bound in half leather, is now ready for delivery. Price \$1.00, including one year's subscription; with two years \$1.25. Old subscribers may have their subscriptions dated forward from expiration.

Only a few unsold. Speak quickly now or you'll never add this little treasure of joy and inspiration to your collection.

HEALTH AND DIET HINTS

I have had in mind for some time to say something about the preparation of food; not the mechanics of cooking but what is more subtle and equally important the conditions under which our food is cooked; the persons who prepare and handle it; the wife, mother, cook waiters or chef. Perhaps you have never given thought to this phase of the food question, except in a general way and it is this point which has not been emphasized so far as I know in print to which I wish to direct your attention. We are affected more than we realize, by the personality, the mental and physical condition of those who handle our food.

Do you think you can derive the same benefit from food prepared in a dirty slipshod kitchen or in a filthy restaurant by a nervous snarling cook with a pack of belligerent waiters quarrelling as they handle your victuals, that you can from

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that same food prepared in a spotless kitchen by clean wholesome and loving hands? No you can not.



Unclean hands and evil thoughts contaminate your food. You can not escape this. It is a law. Into every act of life we put ourselves good or bad. If the cook has thrown a knife at the waiter as he dodges out with your breakfast, do you think that you can escape the infection of that ill humor and wickedness that will manifest itself in you after you have eaten the meal? If this is true and I am sure of it, of what tremendous import then becomes the cooking of food and the conditions under which it is served. Any thing that can be eaten is not necessarily food. He who would attain to the heights of a clean pure life may not subsist on garbage.

The preparation of food then should be a labor of love and should never be per-

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formed except by loving hands with clean hearts, pure thoughts and serene minds as well as clean and sweet bodies, for, we with imperfect control and lack of the full understanding of the laws of life are not able to protect ourselves, but unknowingly take on the evil conditions associated with our food. Envy, jealousy and spite contaminates our food, just the same as the foul odors of a filthy ice box. The cook should be the healthiest, cleanest, sunniest, cheerfulest, most wholesome person in the household; and the kitchen the brightest, cleanest, daintiest, most comfortable room in the house. The kitchen and not the parlor is the real sanctuary of the home.



No sick man or woman should ever touch food that is to be eaten by others. The peevish, sickly wife cannot provide wholesome food for the family. Her state of mind taints every dish. Orthodox

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Jews understand this very well. Those who live up to the rules of their primitive faith apply those principles handed down from their great teachers, but the modern jews are forgetting it. They are taking on the vices of Christianity and the jews will soon be suffering all the diseases of christian civilization, even to pork poisoning. The Rabbinical "Kosher" has a deeper significance than most of us suspect.

If our topsy-turvey social system would permit, I am sure we should all be better off, if we prepared our own food with our own hands; men as well as women; because at best no other person, however wise and well meaning, can in the very nature of things, know what food you need and when you need it as you yourself should know, provided you are using your intelligence; and no other hands, however clean and loving, quite so capable of preparing your food as your own.

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(Continued in April number.)

I have received and read with interest your OPEN ROAD. I am pleased with its free air aura and rebellion against conventionality. My wife and daughter object to your proianity and the use of slang, but I don't know if some of that class of phrases do not much better express the thought and feelings than could be done otherwise and so much more tersely.

Dave Ball was one of our candidates for the gubernatorial nomination. He is a very small man. Once on the way to fill a speaking engagement he had to wait a couple of hours at a small town and so concluded to look up some of the voters. On the way he met a burly native and introduced himself. The voter said: "What! Is this Dave Ball, the man who wants to be governor of Missouri?" "Yes," said Ball, "I am he." The native looked him over from head to foot and then said, as he shifted his cud of tobacco, "Well, I'll be damned!"

In what other words could he have so tersely and forcibly expressed his contempt for the diminutive figure before him.

When the Texan wrote it "Goddlemity" he much better expressed his own conception than if he had used a conventional form. Gen. Pickens' widow says she was a grown woman before she knew that "damned Yankee" was two words. And so let us use the words that best and most pointedly convey our meaning.

"Ah then," says Emerson, "You shall surely be misunderstood. It is a right fool's word. Is it so bad then to be misunderstood? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates and Jesus and Luther and Newton and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood," and so

"Here's a hand, my worthy frere, and gie us a hand o' thine."

A. P. BARTON, Editor "The Life," Kansas City, Mo.

Every day since I received the little magazinelet I have been intending to write. I turn to it again and again. On page 9, the sentence beginning, "I want to be kind," is so nearly what I suppose I would like to be that it strikes a sympathetic chord, and another Stevensonese paragraph is on page 27; "Oh! tired and weary traveler of earth's roads," also touches me.

Wishing you success, I am,

MARY CHURCH, Kansas City, Mo.

We are a little astonished to get the first numbers of THE OPEN ROAD. We did not know that there was anything so good as the author of this publication in our neighborhood. Drop in to see us when you come to La Porte county.

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This will be the next great step in human betterment. The logical development of the R. F. D. system. In the commerce of the future the parcels post will be one of the main arteries. Talk it, hope for it, expect it, vote for it when *you* have the opportunity and we shall soon have it.

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By

BRUCE T. CALVERT

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The Religion of Right Living.

Intuitional or Inspirational Knowing.

An Evening with Omar Khayyam.

An Evening with Walt Whitman.

Sex Ethics, Right Generation, and Eugenics.

The Food Question // Rational Dietary.

Leigh Mitchell Hodges, in the Philadelphia North American

The New Thoughtists got their First Lesson in Right Living in the Roycroft Chapel this evening. Bruce T. Calvert, of Chicago, who is here to reveal it in a series of six lectures, and who is a mighty earnest and honest devotee, by the way, explained some of it to a chapel full of people this morning. Then he put the whole crowd through the first of the breathing exercises, by means of which he says it is possible to absorb the essential truths of all the systems of religion, philosophy, science and sociology that have been invented or otherwise procured.

According to Mr. Calvert, nothing in the line of escaped truth, from Plato to Hubbard, or from Zoroaster to Christ, is impossible to those who breathe the right way. "All good is in the human body of man," he declared, "and all we have to do is to unroll it and develop it through proper breathing. There is nothing outside the human body. If man is the final product of the laws of evolution, working through the years, the cumulation of all powers, potentialities and forces in the universe, then where in God's name can you look for anything but in the human being." After the singing Mr. Calvert, spoke modestly and sincerely about life and its philosophy. He said: "The most of us are so hypnotized we look to theologians alone for truth, whereas all we get from them is opinions."

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CREED—Kind Thought, Kind Word, Kind Deed.

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LITANY—The voice of the wind whispering through the tree tops.

DUTIES OF MEMBERS—Smile; recognize the divine spark in every man you meet and your kinship with all of Nature's Children.

PUNISHMENTS AND PENALTIES—Man can only punish himself. If you feel that you have conducted yourself as unbecoming a member of the noble Brotherhood; if you have failed to look for the best in your neighbor, or if in a moment of weakness you have let loose a barbed arrow of pain to wound a brother or a sister, just send half a dollar and the name of your victim for a year's subscription to the OPEN ROAD, receive absolution from the Shrine, take a new grip on yourself, resolve not to do so again, and forget it.

PURPOSE—To encourage the sentiment for right living, and to express in our lives the beautiful spirit of Brotherhood and love for one another, which is to solve all human problems and bring about peace on earth and good will to all men.

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I have spoken.

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To recognize the divine spark in every human creature.

To look for and expect the best in our neighbors.

To do our full duty without shirking or repining, beginning with the task that lies nearest us.

To live and encourage others by our example to live the right life of cleanliness, purity in body, thought and action.

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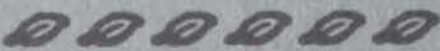
Have you anything to add to this?

If not, are you with us?

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YOUR philosophy, your education,
your religion, are of no value un-
less you live them here and now.
To be in possession of great truths and
not use them, is to bury your talents,
prostitute your powers, waste the gold-
en apples of life. 

The cosmic law of growth is to give,
to use our faculties. 

The Open Road

Official Organ of the Society of the
UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD OF MAN



*A foot and light-
hearted I take to
the open road,*

*Healthy, free, the
world before me,*

*The long brown path
before me leading
wherever I choose.*

— Old Walt

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Entered as second-class matter, September 8, 1908, at the Postoffice at Griffith, Indiana, under act of March 3, 1879.

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Rates on Application.

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The Open Road

I exist as I am, that is enough,
If no other in the world be aware I sit content,
And if each and all be aware I sit content.

One world is aware, and by far the largest to me, and
that is myself,
And whether I come to my own to-day or in ten
thousand or ten million years,
I can cheerfully take it now, or with equal cheerfulness
I can wait.

WALT WHITMAN.

THE OPEN ROAD

A Sane Sweet Toned Little Magazinelet of
Faith, Journal of the Society of
The Universal Brotherhood of Man

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I was born at Baden, Germany, in the year 1847. My parents looking for the liberty and opportunity denied them in Europe, removed to America in 1852 and brought me with them. They settled in Erie County, N. Y., where I have since resided. My life has been filled with many strange experiences which seldom fall to the lot of mortals. That I have been the means of relieving sufferers from disease is a continual source of satisfaction. All my energies are now bent to placing my remedies within the reach of all, to the end that when my time has come my work will live after me.

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The Open Road

VOL. II

APRIL, 1909.

No. 4

Bruce T. Calvert, Editor and Publisher,

Open Road Symposium

So many good letters have been begging for admittance to these pages, that I have just had to lay down the bars and print a few of them this month, with answers and comments, which it is hoped will be found at least quite as amusing as our ordinary grist of good stuff.

THE SEX QUESTION WILL NOT DOWN.

MR. BRUCE T. CALVERT,
Griffith, Ind.,

Dear Sir:—

I have just read your article on "Race Suicide" in the November number of the THE OPEN ROAD.

I wish to make a few comments, assuming that you are open to them.

You err, it seems to me, in comparing man with the animals, as regards his ability to obtain sex

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knowledge by intuition. All animals and birds are born with instinct which teaches them their function in life. That instinct is not knowledge. Man is born with less knowledge than an ant, but with a capacity for gaining knowledge more and more to eternity. Therein is the first great essential difference between man and all other creatures. Man has to be taught, or has to learn most that he knows. Even if he has intuitions, he has to learn to use them wisely, and know whether they are revelations of the ideal or of present duty. The chief glory of man is that he has a capacity for learning and unfolding forever.

Most of the perverted sex ideas in the world have arisen from the belief that man is merely an animal. As a matter of fact man is not an animal. He differs from animals in all essential points, and especially in his soul connection with immortality.

The one great big transcendent idea the world needs on the sex question is, I believe, this: That there is a normal function of the sex nature, normal only in permanent companionship of marriage—a blending of two opposite and complementary streams of life, from which the life of each is vivified and from which, as an incident, new life is developed. No greater error is being taught on the sex question than the doctrine that the sex function is solely for procreation, and all else is perversion. That belief, and the unwillingness of nature to abide by it, is, I think, the real cause of the preposterous false modesty which keeps the question of sex from receiving the frank discussion it deserves. Think of it: the way whereby all men and angels first came into being, a subject not proper for study and polite conversation!

I know of a child less than four years old, who

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knows where little brother came from—thanks to her mother's pure sense of sex. I believe the child will be purer minded all her life because of her knowledge properly imparted when young.

You greatly err when you say the average child is but the spawn of lust. What is lust? Because Nature wisely does not leave the unfoldment of creation at the mercy of frail human reason, but enforces its plans by impulses that force human reasonings to be still—shall we say that the child which comes without planning is but the spawn of lust?

If I were to be born into the world, and should have my choice, I am not sure but that I wouldn't choose to come in response to a mutual loving impulse of my parents, as if heaven-sent, than to have been carefully planned, and conceived because the time decided upon for it had come, regardless of the state of emotion of my parents at the time. People desire children for a variety of reasons, many of which are selfish, and few because they have found life such a joyous thing that they desire to give it to another being, to enjoy forever.

Of course I know there are instances where your remarks ably fit; where the union is physical without a proper element of love. But I think you greatly err in taking that abnormal phase of the question, and stating it as if it were the usual thing. No teaching is more dangerous than the half truth stated in terms of the whole—in describing the sores of life and forgetting the major part that is healthy.

A child has as much right to be interested in human reproduction as he has in the growth of an acorn to an oak. If the unfolding of nature is beautiful, and affords a helpful lesson, how much

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more beautiful and helpful should be the chaste consideration of creation's culminating flower—man, as it unfolds from the night of nothingness, to the day of immortal existence.

Help speed the day when birth, the crowning work of creation, is seen to be the most sacred, the purest, and the most worthy topic for consideration which the world affords.

Sincerely yours,

Mr. _____

Winnetka, Ill.

[Name withheld by special request]

When I read this letter to Aunt Sapphira her comment was, "Land sakes I'd like to take this man behind the woodshed with a barrel stave."

I select this letter among many received, because it is a fair example of popular reasoning on sex subjects. It is a strange blending of truth and error, sanity and ignorance, on the vital subject of life. It is from more than an ordinary student and the fact of it's being well written conceals the false reasoning that would be apparent in a less plausibly worded article.

The fallacy lies in the assumption that

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man's capacity for learning thru his intuition or instinct is less than that of other animals, and the other more dangerous doctrine that the birth of human life is properly but "an incident," in the sex mating of men and women, "the blending of two opposite and complementary streams of life."

I am sure, my dear friend, that you underestimate nature's power to teach thru intuition, the true and natural process of learning. Intuition or inspiration, which is coming in touch with the very infinite reservoirs of knowledge open to all, will put men and women into possession of sex knowledge and also a vastly greater amount of knowledge upon other subjects than the world today dreams of. What are the marvelous achievements of the inventor but the following of his intuitions into that world beyond the limit of recorded knowledge? The pushing of his dreams into the concrete field of actuality?

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You cannot call this power reason. Reason would say communication over a thousand miles of space without wires is impossible because it never has been done and every known law in physics is against it. Intuition says it can be done and loves its ideal into being.



The trouble is not in nature but in us. You probably have never known any one whose intuition was in perfect working order. Probably such a person does not today exist, at least in the society we know best. I take the ground that the normal child is born with intuition, the power to see, to feel and to know things; it is one of the natural senses to the use of which we are entitled, but that after the age of three to five years our barbarous system of stirpiculture and education, crushes this native endowment out. And we, most of us, perhaps never recover our intuitive faculties. Some may in

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degree, but the effort to regain them lies thru devious paths and painful effort, and the majority never will.

You say most of the perverted sex ideas in the world have arisen from the teaching that man is merely an animal. But my dear sir, if men and women were today only living on a plane equal to the animals in sex relations, we would have no sex question. You could tear down your jails, hospitals and almshouses; your policemen, soldiers, preachers, doctors and lawyers could all go to work—we never should need them more. You cruelly libel the animal world, without meaning to do so, I am sure. Of all the animal kingdom, man is the only creature who wastes his life substance for the gratification of a moment. Nowhere in all the animal world are the mothers, the females, debased and enslaved. No woman today from South Clark Street to Lincoln Park Drive, receives the courtesy

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homage and tenderness from her lord and master, that the lioness exacts from her royal mate, the king of beasts; or that the gentle lady robin, cooing contentedly over my head as I write, receives from her sweetheart. If women doubt this they had better take a trip to the Zoo, or spend a few days in the woods getting acquainted with the birds.



We have much to learn from the animals yet. To speak of the gross instincts of man as "animal" is an insult to the animal. Man at his worst is lower than any other animal we know. We have some distance to travel yet, before we reach the plane of our associates whom we are pleased to refer to as the "lower animals." Man is a glutton—the animal is not. Man is sick, full of disease, and hikes around trying to buy release from his pains for a dollar. When the animal is sick, which is but rarely, perhaps never in its natural state, it knows

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what to do for itself. Man will stuff himself till he can't see; the dog will take what he needs and bury the rest. When a man has eaten himself sick, the Doctors will put him to bed, and stuff him with drugs and more food "to keep up his strength," till outraged nature tired of rebelling closes the entrance to the stomach and then the wise M. D.'s will shoot food into him thru the back door, until the undertaker hears his prayers and gathers him in.

You can't make a sick horse eat. Your house cat puts to shame the whole medical profession. She will stop her food and perhaps seek an herb or grass, in the back yard to correct her trouble, but she needs no drugs. Well, dammit, must I say more?

We need not be ashamed to own our relationship to the animals, or of being animals, any more than my learned friend friend here, (I suspect him to be a

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college professor) should be ashamed of his three-year-old brother. The difference is only in degree of development. But at least let us be good animals.



We know so little of what human nature under normal conditions is capable of, that it is absurd to lay down a formula to govern men and women in their sex relations. And neither legislation nor religious edicts are of the smallest value to us. Education is what we need. Only in absolute freedom can man work out his problem, attain sex purity. Nature must be our only teacher, and she alone will solve the question. She has the matter in charge. She is the court of final appeal, and she will work it out to the best interests of the race without the slightest regard for church or state meddlings. Of that I have no doubt. But whether her final decision will be for Monogamic marriage, or Polygamic

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unions, or no marriage at all, no man can tell. Only time will disclose the truth.

In the meantime, it is possible for us all to meet on the common ground, that control of the body and all its functions is imperative, if the higher life is to be sought. And until you can show me that waste is ever an economic good, or any process in nature's operations where forces and materials are absolutely wasted, lost, I am not ready to admit that there is any normal basis for sex intercourse, other than that of reproduction. And it was an evil day for the race when some man, the owner of a woman, first discovered that he could thus use her without accepting the responsibilities of parenthood or interfering with her industrial activity as a wealth producer.

I know the mass will deny this and will fight to the last ditch for its sex obsession, because its appetites are dearer to it than truth or a noble life. But

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truth is mighty. Eternal Justice reigns.
The right will prevail.



I cannot share your confidence in the fruits of accidental conceptions. I do not doubt but that the blind forces of nature left to themselves without planning or preparation on the part of the parents, will do the very best they can under the circumstances and with the material at hand; but how much better for the parents to re-inforce nature's operations by thought, intelligence, preparation; by putting themselves in condition to give to the new being the very highest they are capable of. I think we may safely say that the child which is the accidental result of mere sex gratification, is a child of lust. I think it is quite possible that ninety per cent of us come into the world thus irregularly, but our attainments and general standing as a people would scarcely be regarded as a

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recommendation for the hap-hazard system of begetting.



As for the child you speak of, less than four years old, which knows where its little brother came from, I would say a child of that age could not know this thing; because to know is to understand. It simply accepts the mother's statement for the fact, but that statement fortunately for her means no more to the little one than if the mother had told her that brother came from a knot hole in a log, because the baby could not understand the mystery of reproduction.

Neither can I believe that any child will be purer minded, or better, for having sex knowledge thrust upon it before the age at which its physical and spiritual nature demands it. In God's name! leave the child his illusions, for out of them he spins the threads that lead to his spiritual awakening. Do not rub the bloom off

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the peach. Do not rob the rose of its calyx, exposing it to the rude, rough hands of the meddler. I say it is a psychological crime to teach a child of four the physiological facts of reproduction. Precocity is a bauble bought at fearful price. The early ripe soonest falls. Delay adolescence—is the cry of the great anthropologists of the world.

I join with you in hoping for the day when the body and all its functions and members shall be held sacred and pure, without shame. When men and women live the normal life, superior to lust, there will be no false modesty and prudishness. You forget that these are the vestments of civilization. Among savage races, men and women associate without clothing. They do not debauch themselves sexually and are not ashamed.



To conclude, then, let us say that if the child is well born; its education rational;

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if it is given free scope for its activities; kept busy; allowed to grow in a free atmosphere, under proper physical and mental environment; the knowledge of the great mystery of life will come to him intuitively when he is ready for it. He will unfold as naturally and as beautifully as the butterflies, bees and birds. We need not worry about how or when to teach sex ethics. Sane, healthy, normal children will need but little teaching. The wise, pure minded mother who is living the right life herself will know what to do. When the child's own sex nature has awakened, when he is physically and psychically ready for it, then and not until then may the higher studies in sex laws be taken up without harm.

But let us get right ourselves first. Stop bringing degenerates into the world. Try to bring sane, human children to earth and nature will do the rest.

Overeating and Underbreathing is filling the world with constipated ideas and muggy morals.

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Mr. Bruce T. Calvert, Griffith, Ind., R. F. D. No. 1,
Pigeon-Roost-in-the-Woods:

My Dear Sir—Yours, with copy of magazine, reached me duly. I do not see how you can promote the brotherhood of man by antagonism toward the spirit of Christianity. If I have misread you I'd like to know it. I am quite confident that any enterprise that leaves out of account the only regenerating element and force in the world is doomed to failure, and I do not care to enter a road that points in that direction. I would like to know a little more of your real spirit and the animus of some of the remarks which your magazine contains before I become a subscriber.

Very truly yours,

(Rev.) DONALD D. MACLAURIN,
Pastor Second Baptist Church, Chicago.

Dear Brother:—

You are quite right. No one can promote the brotherhood of man or any other good thing by antagonism towards the *spirit* of Christianity. The spirit of every great religion of the world has good, truth and purity in it or it never could have taken hold of the minds of men.

Antagonism towards the Christ spirit or the essence of any other religious system will never be found in the OPEN

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ROAD. Such a feeling is not in the heart of the writer, and what is not in his heart he never could put on paper. And so, my good brother, if you found any antagonism in our little booklet it could not have been towards any truth but rather towards your own bias or prejudice.

But perhaps you, as I am sorry to find many church men do, confuse Churchianity and religious humbug with the true Christ spirit, in which case I grant you the antagonistic attitude. But I distinguish between the two. I care nothing for the religious trappings and furniture; ecclesiastical millinery has no place on my platform. There is, I suspect, about as much of the true Christ spirit left in the religious trust of today as there is of Adam's blood-stream left in the Rev. D. D's.

The OPEN ROAD antagonizes nothing genuine, true or beautiful, but it does spurn and abhor hypocrisy, unctious cant

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and oily pretense. You will be glad to know I am sure that you have misread us.

Can you tell me why preachers will shout for Jesus and for the millinery, the furniture of the church, while they themselves follow the road to destruction? I mean disease, bad breath, gross indulgence, slothful ease and idleness, physical unfitness, mental strabismus and intellectual venality. Why does Christianity fight for its mythology and let itself go to the dogs? I wish you could tell me.

If Churchianity today contains "the only regenerating element and force in the world," then I must say, God help us all.

I pride myself upon the fact that no "animus" has ever found its way into the OPEN ROAD, in the ulterior sense you assume. We weigh institutions and customs and accord them their just and proper weights in our scale of values, but we do it without prejudice.

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Assuring you that what I may say or write is always done in love and that I care no more for a man's religious professions than I do for the cut of his hair or the color of his underwear, just so he is a man, I am, hoping to meet you around the next bend in the road,

Very faithfully yours,

THE MARCH number of the OPEN ROAD containing the article, "Does Education Educate?" is about exhausted, and still requests for it are dropping in like Autumn leaves. If enough orders come in to justify it, we will reprint the article in book form at 5 cts., \$3.00 for one-hundred copies. It is high time the people knew the truth about our public school system, for the support of which they are paying nearly a billion dollars a year.



The Open Road
Health and Diet Hints.

(Continued from March number.)

But this seems scarcely possible for any great number of people under our half-baked civilization, and so the next best thing is to see to it that our foods are prepared by clean, wholesome hands, in bright, cheerful surroundings, where the atmosphere of love prevails.



I predict, however, that the time will come when each member of the household will be quite capable of and accustomed to preparing his own foods; indeed, will consider it a pleasure to do so. I assure you there are few greater joys than preparing your own food with your own hands and then sitting down and eating it in peace and quiet with thankful heart and reverent attitude. For eating should be a devotional exercise just as much as prayer or invocation.

Above all, food is never to be taken

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when the mind is disturbed. Anger, fear, jealousy, inhibits digestion. Indeed food taken under stress of such emotion is often but poison. A calm, poised mind, and cheerful attitude is essential to good digestion. Whatever your griefs or disappointments or troubles, do not bring them to the table.



If we thus use care in the selection of our foods, eat what is seasonable and suitable to our needs, we shall find that we get vastly more benefit from food that is prepared in love and then eaten in love, with thankful heart and cheerful mind, for such is indeed "food for the gods," and that is undoubtedly what the saying means.



Educators recognize dimly the need of instruction in domestic economy and are endeavoring to teach something of the preparation of food in our public schools,

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but they approach the subject as they do nearly everything else, from the academic standpoint. Each teacher copies from some one else, and all vie with one another in concocting indigestible, impossible dishes to please the palate. The real nature and function of food is not understood at all and no intelligence whatever displayed in the combination and preparation of foods. I don't believe there is a cooking teacher in America who can prepare three digestible meals. The aim is to devise fancy dishes and outlandish combinations to tempt the appetite while ninety-nine out of every hundred of us need rather to be muzzled and have our appetites beaten to death with a club, instead of being pampered and catered to. As might be expected the courses in domestic science are a failure so far as any practical benefit is concerned and the pupils would be better off without it for what they do learn is a damage to them.

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A short time ago I visited a food exhibition in the culinary department of one of the leading educational institutions in Chicago, where Domestic Science is supposed to sit on the top rail of the fence. I went through the rooms looking at the ideal meals prepared, and listened to the sweet young things explaining the manner of preparation, etc. But I must say the whole thing was really pathetic to me and I came away saddened at the time wasted in teaching so much ignorance of foods and their classification. Such a lot of indigestible, unscientific, unseasonable compounds would be hard to find. Gastritis or acute indigestion would surely follow such a bill of fare.

Now this is not as it should be. Whole-some food is one of the very bed rock essentials of existence, and it is now universally admitted that most of our diseases are caused by errors in diet; food poisoning, or "auto infection" as my

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friends of the medical profesh call it. We ought to know how to protect ourselves, and as we cannot expect any instruction of real value from the schools we must each study the food question on our own account from a common sense standpoint, going right back to nature for our principles.

We can not get away from the primary needs of life. No man is better than his body. Your great man can be no greater than the food he eats, and so it is really true that every man, no matter what his position in life, whether he picks coal in a mine, sits in the President's cabinet, clips coupons in Wall street, heads a University, or worrys big game in Africa, ought to have sufficient knowledge to protect himself in food selection, indeed to prepare it himself if necessary. What do you think of a great statesman, anyway, who goes out to his club to dine and leaves the selection of his dinner to a low-browed

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Senegambian? Who is really shaping the policies of the nation, "Gawge," or the g. s.?



Yes, we should be able not only to prepare our own food, but have sufficient poise to sit down and eat it alone on occasion. A crowded dining table with its gabble offers not at all the most favorable atmosphere to take food in. Indigestion is the inevitable sequel of the banquet. If you will observe the merry crowd of diners gulping down their food half chewed, choking now and then in mad effort to get in a word while the next fellow is gasping for breath, you will smile at the insane performance.

Concentrate on your food; fletcherize; and cut out the gabfest at meal time if you would get the highest good from your foods.



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In the Woods

Spring is coming. I was awakened a few mornings ago by a new note in the branches overhead, and as I gradually came out of slumberland I recognized with delight our old friend Cock Robin. There he sat on the topmost bough of the tallest tree in our grove joyously sounding his salute to the rising sun.

What harmony! What music in the sweet strain of this little songster you could crush in your hand! How it gladdens the day; how it thrills your whole being, when on some bright morning after the long winter you hear his sweet voice in the woods again!

My little friend poured out his soul as lavishly as the gentle rose scatters her fragrance upon the eager earth, seemingly as happy to get back to the Roost as I was to have him.

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Change is in the air. Several times lately I have heard the wild geese or ducks flying thru the night returning to their Northern homes. I first saw Mr. Robin, Sunday, March 7th. Today, the 21st, I was walking thru the woods hoping to find some early violets springing up on the sunny side of rotting logs. I did not see any violets, but the blueberry bushes are swelling with life; many tender greens are peeping thru the ground, and in the swamp a tall silver poplar seemed almost ready to bud. But on my way home I met a whole family of bluebirds. There must have been a dozen or more of them, and how they did lighten up the brown tints of the woods! Is there anything sweeter than the song of the first robin, or quite so beautiful as that flash of heaven's blue, the first bluebird flitting thru the bushes?



Yes, the very spirit of the spring is in

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the air. Mother Earth is shaking off her lethargy. You feel the heaving of her bosom, the long-drawn breaths of awakening consciousness, and the pulse of new life that leaps from her heart. The trees nod to each other in the brisk March wind for very joy of the new life that is springing from their roots, and the brown leaves which have lovingly shielded their branches through the storms of winter are now gently releasing their hold to flutter to the ground with a sigh of satisfaction, the sweet content of mission fulfilled, work done, cheerfully making room for the new green leaves that will soon take their places.



And so over all the earth now broods the mystic spirit of the Naissance; the new birth; the rising of another wave in the ebb and flow of eternity. I pity the man who does not hear the first robin's song of spring. That is one of the

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joys of country life for which no amount of city comfort can ever compensate.

It does seem to me that it takes the sunshine and the fresh free air of the fields and the deep shadows of the woods and songs of the birds and the touch of the earth to make a real man. He who does not have these things in his every-day life is surely but half alive; only a miserable apology for a man at the best.

Only the citizen of the woods and fields can really know what nature's awakening means or feel the efflux of rich new life flooding the old earth. To your city cave-dweller, spring is but a date on the calendar. What is Easter to him? Naught but a nightmare of outfitters' bills, and to "her" an orgy of waste-basket hats and sheath gowns.

Before you read these lines we shall have celebrated the resurrection, according to theology, of a man who came

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forth from his grave after being three days dead. But the true spirit of this Easter season is of an origin many centuries older than the Christian faith. It was established and observed by peoples ages before the gentle Nazarene lived and taught and went dumbly to his death. Indeed, it is as old as the changes of the seasons and dates back to the time when earth completed her first cycle.



And what is the Risen Lord, then, if not the man supposed to have come out of his tomb with his grave clothes on? Why, comrades, it is the spirit of eternal life manifesting itself now as ever in the rising and the falling waves of expression.

We are of the earth earthy; we partake of the moods of mother earth, and so today we, too, feel within ourselves the stirrings of that silent, mysterious force that now trembles thru the woods and the hills and the streams, thru the very air—the

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awakening of new life. We all feel its mighty power. But we see far down below the chaff and childish superstition that will be preached from ten thousand orthodox pulpits on Easter Sunday, to the eternal principle that is back of it all, imbedded in the very foundations of the world.

Indeed, mother earth knows all about it without being notified by the preacher. She does not wait for some restless dweller of the tomb to jump out of his grave, but she has been getting ready for this all the time. The event was expected. The mother is not surprised. And now she rouses herself and makes ready to throw off her shroud, the wrappings of winter, from which she will presently burst upon us robed in all the vernal freshness and beauty of spring!

How beautiful, isn't it, when you know the real meaning, and how utterly childish, foolish and uninspiring the theolog-

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ical resurrection gloom you've heard
preached every year since childhood!



Spring comes, and thus is the promise given us at Christmas time fulfilled. This is the birth of our midwinter conception. And in this rising and falling of the eternal tides, this winter sleep and spring awakening, is the complete story of universal life—yesterday, today, tomorrow, forever; the same in the earth, in the air, the sea and the sky, in all the planets and systems of solar space, in man and in all creatures—the pulse of the Infinite and Eternal Life, the Breath of the Most High.

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The fool saith in his heart, there is no God.
The wise man saith—I am God.

PROCLAMATION.

In his lucid periods, off the platform, when not engaged in exhorting Belshazzer, sawing wood or hoeing potatoes, the editor of the OPEN ROAD and Keeper of the Shrine writes booklets, catalogs, circulars and follow-up letters; also criticises any kind of business literature for members of the Brotherhood—and others.

Some say he is something of a wizard on follow-up letters that coax the agile coins out of timid pockets. His clientele, though choice, is not very large, but he makes up for that in his charges. A proposition must interest him or he will not tackle it at all. There are some lines of business that he does not undertake.

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—GEO. BICKNELL.

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Official Organ of the Society of the
UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD OF MAN



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hearted I take to
the open road.*

*Healthy, free, the
world before me,*

*The long brown path
before me leading
wherever I choose.*

— Old Walt

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Rates on Application.

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I believe a leaf of grass is no less than the journey-work of the stars,
And the pismire is equally perfect, and a grain of sand, and the egg
of the wren,

And the tree-toad is a chef-d 'œuvre for the highest,
And the running blackberry would adorn the parlors of heaven,
And the narrowest hinge in my hand puts to scorn all machinery,
And the cow crunching with depress'd head surpasses any statue,
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remove or otherwise dis-
connect this page with
the corresponding disse-
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hereof, containing the
Constitution and By-laws

and mail them each month to some friend—or enemy—
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VOL. II

MAY, 1909.

No. 5.

Bruce T. Calvert, Editor and Publisher.

Race Suicide.

"The State that makes a man study two years before a license as druggist is given; that makes a young lawyer, or doctor, study three years before being permitted to practice, ought to ask the young man or young woman to pass an equally rigid examination before license is given to found an American home, and set up an American family," says Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, Brooklyn, New York.

THE CHURCH and the preachers never have and apparently never will realize that education alone is the cure for all social evils. The Reverend above quoted and the Religious Trust he represents would pass laws to regulate the social and sex relations of men and

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women, but how shall we legislate a higher intelligence into human affairs, without which a decent race can never be propagated?

Is it not plain, comrades, that the Church has not advanced a single step in *principle* since the merry days when the devout gathered to burn Savonarola and Bruno, or torture Galileo?

She has ever promulgated her theories by force. So long as she could, she employed the sword and faggot, and such gentle persuaders as the rack and thumb-screws to bring men to Christ. She never has endeavored to raise the race thru education, but coercion and repression have been her policy. Read history. The Church has always stood squarely against progress. Every forward step in education or science has been gained in the teeth of her bitter opposition.

Friends of humanity—the saviors of

The Open Road

the race who sought to liberate men from the bondage of ignorance and superstition—have ever been persecuted, hounded and killed when the Church had the power.

She has always been unwilling for men to be saved in any way but one—her way. She owned the right of way to Heaven, and she had every mile of the road carefully policed so that none might pass without paying her tolls. If you found a path to salvation that suited you better, if you preferred the Open Road—you were branded a thief and a robber and your life was forfeit if her minions could catch you.

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And so the Church is today just what she has been for 2,000 years, a barnacle upon human progress, a drag upon society. Over the tortuous, blood-stained path of the ages humanity has had not only to drag itself, but the dead weight

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of the Church. Every foot of the way has been won at fearful cost against her organized resistance. Never in all history has her power been exerted for popular enlightenment, but always toward repression, keeping the people in darkness and ignorance; compelling her votaries to believe or pretend to believe what they could not understand or knew to be false.

Her very existence is built upon hypocrisy, deceit, pretense. Ignorance of the people has been her chief asset and her power is declining in exact measure with the spread of intelligence.



The Church has committed the ghastly blunder of branding human nature as inherently bad. Total depravity is the one bulwark of Orthodoxy. Without it she could never have perpetuated her sway. If people were not lost, they

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would not need saving (for a consideration). See? The worst thing that could happen to the Religious Trust would be universal salvation for then the priesthood would be out of a job.

When you damn a man beforehand, what generally happens? "Give a dog a bad name," etc. Can you blame him if he tries to live up to his reputation?

Now I say mankind is not essentially base. Men and women do not naturally desire the wrong. On the contrary they will inevitably tend to work toward the best if let alone. This law is as fundamental as that of gravitation. To deny it is to negate the universe and leave the world without purpose or hope.

Ignorance alone is the cause of all the misery in the world. Men do wrong and wrong themselves because they know no better. As we become wiser we grow better. Education is the magic thread that shall lead us into the light.

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But we must be free to work out our problem. We are slowly awakening to the awful mistakes we have made in coercing, hounding and punishing one another. We have learned the sad lesson that our prohibitions have not prevented, our punishments, have not improved, but have brutalized. In punishing we fall lower than our victims. All interference in the natural working of the law of evolution has but delayed and embarrassed our onward movement; for this upward sweep of the race is not in obedience to any human design or legislation, but is the primal law of life.



Humanity is to be trusted. But to get the balance of our own natures and move in healthy rhythm we must swing clear. If the church had devoted the most infinitesimal part of the effort toward education thru the long dark centuries of her

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power that she put into coercion, repression, proving to men that they were lost, the race today would have been free.

It cost more to open the doors of the Orthodox heaven to dead babies than it would take to establish a school of Right Living in every county in the United States. All Christian babies, dying before they could be converted and join the Church up to about 1905 are in hell. Those who have died since are more fortunate—the doors are now open to the babies, I believe.

But the sad and bitter truth is that the Church never was, and is not now working for the good of humanity, but for commercial supremacy, with morality as a side issue to give color to her enterprise.



Happily her methods of the past are no longer possible. The glorious days

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of the torch and the wheel are gone forever, but the principle remains unchanged. The reptile is only scorched, not killed. And now we see the same old spirit, not so sanguinary as in days gone by, but equally malevolent and reactionary, asserting itself in the various forms of sumptuary legislation, dogmatic inhibition, all based upon that orthodox miasma of repression. The old, "Thou shalt not" battle cry of the ages, a policy which never did and never will produce a man.



Yes, I know there is a popular superstition that the Church and State are divorced in this country, but it is a separation more nominal than real. Orthodoxy still dictates the messages to Congress and fills the statute books with fool laws to make other people be good. We are still a priest-ridden, law-harassed

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people. You can't testify in a dog-fight case without taking your oath upon a certain particular book, and the President must take his oath of office upon the same bunch of printed matter. I've often wondered what would happen if the Chief Justice should absent-mindedly hand the president-elect a copy of the Koran or Omar Khayyam, when administering the oath. Wouldn't the stars reel in their orbits, and wouldn't we see the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds?

It is true the Church no longer owns any soldiers or battle ships, but she has her representatives on the spot, you bet, in every company of fighting men and on every man-of-war. And wasn't every session of Congress that ever put up a job on the American people opened by a gentleman in a white tie, down on the government's payroll as a professional praying man? If any public servant has

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his doubts about the Apostles' Creed, he knows enough to keep his mouth shut or throw up his job.

What chance would Tom Paine or Bob Ingersoll have had to reach the White House? Or Emerson or Whitman? And how far would Elbert Hubbard, or Old John Burroughs or Mangasarian run in the race for president today? And yet the president's chair never held the equal of any one of these men. I doubt if even Jefferson the Superb could be elected today. Our "free press" would see to it that his opinions of vicarious atonement and certain theological ghost stories were too well ventilated for him to carry a single precinct. Free press did I say? Yes, if a man in a cage ten feet square, chained to the floor is free, then the popular press is free.

Ever in the background lurks the Black Hand of Orthodoxy, the shadow of its

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Big Stick, menacing the state, press, education, social relations, every human institution.

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If the Church really wants to see a better race, why do not her servants teach Right Living and sex purity from the pulpit, and then go home and live the life themselves? Why don't they tell their Christian Endeavor and Epworth League Spooner societies something about the right of the child to be well born? Surely these young people are at the impressionable age, and one cannot doubt that the Cosmic urge is strong enough upon them.

I think I can tell you why. The Church doesn't work that way. Education has never been in her line, but prohibition, legislation, government by injunction, the papal bull, and the priestly encyclic her strong suit. She stands back wrapped in her mediæval robes perpetuating

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error, conniving at the degradation of women—Christianity has always enslaved women—selling indulgences to violators of every law of decency and safety in sex relations, and then eggs on the state to pass laws compelling men and women to do this or that, to be this and that.



And so our reverend friend wants a law requiring all candidates for matrimony to pass a rigid examination, etc. Just here the humor of the situation overcomes one. Fine scheme, but who's going to do the examining? The doctors? The medical profession is lagging far behind even popular advances in right living. The average M. D. cannot keep himself well; he can't show forth a healthy body, or a model family any more than his most illiterate next door neighbor. He is full of aches and pains; he has all the diseases mentioned in the books and some not tabulated. A few

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days ago one hundred doctors sat down to a banquet in Philadelphia, guests of a great surgeon who had operated upon every one of them for appendicitis. What a confession for these rudderless doctors to make of their own stupidity. When we know that appendicitis is a disease of gluttony, intemperance, filth, how much confidence would we have in one of this self-confessed bunch of sensualists to pass upon the fitness of young men and women to marry? Appendicitis is a symptom of wrong living; removing the appendix will not cure it. The only surgical operation that will cure it is removing the head just beneath the ears.

No, doctors will not do for judges. Suppose a young man applying happened to be a patient of the examining medical official, and had duly taken according to prescription enough mercury or iodide of potassium, in the judgment of the M. D., to eradicate the effects of his indiscre-

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tion, and had settled his bill in full, wouldn't he get a certificate? Well, I guess so. And yet there are men who know, (Dr. J. H. Tilden of Denver has proven it), that syphilis is a disease largely built, aggravated and perpetuated by physicians with their standard formulary for treating venereal diseases; and that no form of drugging will ever purge the system of syphilitic taint. I guess we'll have to pass the doctors.



How about the preachers, would they be any better qualified? Well, there are a few I know like Rev. Walter MacPherson, founder of Boyville in Chicago, whom I would trust; but the weakness of the rank and file of the clergy for the flesh pots are too well known to need comment. They could not occupy that high pinnacle of physical and moral cleanliness that one entrusted with so grave a responsibility should hold. There

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is no doubt that preachers as a class need sex-education just as badly as the humble proletariat. And again, they would be too apt to make belief the only test. The candidate who said he believed the Holy Ghost and Virgin Mary story and could repeat the Lord's Prayer or the Apostles' Creed would get his papers while he waited. No, I'm afraid the preachers won't do either.



Well, then, what about editors of New Thought and Health magazines? That wouldn't be so bad, but there are not enough of us yet to keep the hymeneal ball rolling. For my part I would as soon leave it to Bernarr MacFadden or Muldoon as anyone I know.



And then again, how would these guardians of the gates of Hymen be selected? Put into the presidential class along with fourth-class postmasters? Oh! what a

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cinch for another Theodore the Great. Talk about race suicide! Maybe they might be appointed by the ward boss, or perhaps elected by the votes of the free-men, in which case what's to hinder Hinkey Dink or Bath House John from floating in on the tide of popular opinion? And oh! shades of Hera! Suppose the ultra respectable should rise in their might and elect Sir Anthony Comstock Supreme National Connubiator—but let us draw the veil, language has its limitations.

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But that's the difficulty with any such proposed legislation; we must first produce men capable of administering the law with wisdom and fairness and that the race has not yet done. And the men really capable, wise enough and pure enough to pass upon these questions would not do it, because they would know that prohibition does not prohibit,

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that repression never gives strength and wisdom, and that only in absolute freedom can men and women ever work out their social problems, attain sex purity. Nature must and will be our only teacher. She alone will solve the problem, and settle it right. All legislation or ecclesiastic interference only delays the final day of salvation. Education, education, and not legislation is our only hope.



But the Church is not really so solicitous about the coming race as it is for that dollar's worth of legal blank called a marriage license, and the proper recognition of her prerogative in O. K.-ing and blessing the union. She will unite anywhere in Christendom any degenerate, diseased, or polluted pair, however unfit, who come before her in the proper form, with the papers, and the customary fee. But she will frown upon any pair how-

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ever healthy and clean-blooded who mate without her sanction, although they may be physically, mentally and spiritually superior to any ecclesiast on her pay roll.



In the advertising pages of this issue is a picture of two babies, that preaches the most pathetic sermon ever listened to. It speaks in thundering tones of the fearful burden of sin the race has brought upon itself, and which it must expiate step by step, blood for blood and tear for tear until outraged nature is avenged and the curse lifted.

- I summon the Church to the bar of eternal justice, to answer to the charge of responsibility for this condition. Because she alone down thru the centuries has had the power and the opportunity to teach men and women to live a clean and pure life.

She has held the minds of millions ab-

The Open Road

solutely in her grasp and she could easily have inculcated in men and women a love and veneration for a clean, healthy body.

She could have implanted in the mother heart of the race a knowledge of the laws of reproduction, a passion for purity, and the instinct of race preservation.

She could have plead the cause of the unborn child's right to be well-born.

She could have freed woman from sex-slavery, made her body holy and inviolate to the purposes of nature.

She could have made motherhood holy.

Has she done any of these things? No, she has not. She has systematically kept the subject of Eugenics in the dark and discouraged all attempts at gaining sex-knowledge. She has made tabu discussion or study upon the most sacred and important subject in all the world—human reproduction. She has encouraged the degradation of women, and now exerts her power to hold woman in sex

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bondage. She has placed a ban upon motherhood, and today hurls at any woman who dares to become a mother without her sanction, the curse of the Holy Office. Let him deny it who can. She has held the body vile, and the soul only worth consideration. She has encouraged the abuse and neglect of the body for the soul's welfare, to the damnation of both. She has taken the thought of men away from this life and centered it upon the unknown to the neglect of everything connected with the now and the here.

She has built orphan asylums and mad houses, and has blessed the union of people in marriage who filled them.



Take the pitiful, little, shrunken, misshapen, unfortunate on the left in the picture. Its parents appearing in due form with the necessary legal blanks, however diseased, depraved, ignorant or unfit they might be would be

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properly wedded by any preacher and sent out with the Church's benediction to add to the world's weight of woe by propagating it with cripples, perverts, monstrosities. And this poor little victim of lust or ignorance would be duly christened and blessed at the Church's holy altar.

But suppose the parents of the second child should neglect to bring along the necessary printed matter, however fit morally, physically and spiritually they might be to propagate, do you suppose the Church would sanction that union? The couple would be spurned from the sacred edifice. And if they persisted and in due time brought that sweet little cherub on the right in the picture, the perfect fruit of a perfect union with Nature's benediction written all over its beautiful body, for the Church's blessing, would it be given? Not on your life. That child will never be received at the

The Open Road

baptismal font of any Christian Church. Its name will never be placed on any cradle roll, but it will be forever anathema. And that mother who has contributed to the world such a child will be hounded by Christian society to the very ends of the earth. The whole weight of the Religious Trust will be hurled against her. The fangs of the holy Church will crush her bones, and Christian ministers will unite to fling at her shrinking flesh the darts of scorn and ostracism. What God in his infinite wisdom has blessed the church will repudiate.

Answer me this, ye preachers—Which one of these babies do you consider a child of God?

No, dear friends, motherhood is not sacred in this Christian land. We prate about the holy office of maternity, but it's only on the surface. Motherhood is less sacred to us than the Church's dictum that a dollar's worth of printed matter,

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certified to by any preacher, for a modest consideration, makes one child legitimate and another an outcast—between whom, however, Nature makes no distinction.

The Church scorns with uplifted chin and drawn skirts the woman of the streets, the so-called “fallen woman,” who Gene Debs says has not fallen at all but has been kicked down. But I want to say to you, Comrades, that not this woman alone—God pity her—needs our sympathy. The poor married slave, the wife given over to a life of licentiousness and sex abuse, all properly sanctioned, aided and abetted by the Church—the legalized prostitute in every sense of the word—she is the truly wretched woman. She may be one of the pillars of her church, yet so distorted is her conscience under Christian training and ethics, that she in her ignorance will flaunt her respectability in the face of her fallen (?) sister. I tell you respectability

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bility cannot be bought for a dollar. A marriage certificate signed by the Rev. Thumbdoodle does not make holy, iniquitous practices. Your poor, defiled and outraged wife-mother is still a prostitute, and is living a life of degradation and abuse of the divine function that has brought the very name of motherhood into shame and scorn.

Between the woman of the red light district and your respectable slave-wife whose body the Church has given over to a man absolutely for his use or abuse, there is little difference. One has sold her body to one man for a meal ticket, the transaction being duly authorized and legalized by the church—she is a member of the union—while the other runs the open shop. Purely a matter of trade ethics.

Oh, women of America, you and you alone can and must make womanhood

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and motherhood sacred in this land. In your hands lies the redemption of the race!

✿ ✿ ✿

Well, what is the result? The increase of the ill-born has become so alarming and the need for instruction in Eugenics so great, that good people everywhere are taking up the study of the subject. In this I see much ground for hope. Thru the efforts of good men and women who are seeking to know the truth and who will be willing to live it when they find it and teach others, this dark cloud of sex obsession will pass. Humanity's blood stream will be purged and the race will come again into its own.

But the Church true to her pace of the centuries will be found a laggard, pulling backward. In place of taking the lead in an honest, earnest effort to enlighten men and women on sex subjects, she will be the last to take any action and will

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only do so when forced to it for her own preservation.

She systematically discourages every attempt at bettering the existing deplorable conditions. She frowns upon divorce, at present the only safety check of a diseased social order, but would keep unhappy ill-mated couples who have found out their mistakes, together to fill the world with abnormals, misfits and imbeciles.



The most serious attempt I know of to reach the masses so in need of light with instruction on sex ethics is The Correspondence School of Gospel and Scientific Eugenics, already referred to. I do not know anything about the kind of instruction that will be given. I have not seen any of the lessons, but the purpose is noble. They will give the matter widespread publicity thru correspondence,

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and I can see nothing but good possible to come out of it.

Mrs. Mary E. Teats, the principal of this school, has been a worker for many years in this field. I have read one of her books on the subject that is in every way worthy of commendation, and I wish the school success. Surely such an attempt to give young people this instruction at a time when they most need it to save them from ruining their lives, thru ignorance, is worthy the support of all who hold the good of the race at heart. I suppose they have used the word "Gospel" in their title as a sop to the Religious Trust, but it can do no harm.

Parents will not or cannot instruct their children; the schools and colleges make no effort to grapple with the question; the Church is ominously silent; to whom then shall we look for help if not to the Correspondence School? Perhaps this is indeed the only way our millions of young

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folks can be reached with the message of freedom.



And now if my fellow preachers really want to help lift the weight of woe and misery that presses so hard upon poor humanity,—here is the way to do it. Take Education for your watchword. Give up howling for legislation. First cleanse yourselves, purge your own hearts. Take up the study and practice of Right Living. Get clean inside as well as out. Free your own wives from sex slavery. Learn to control this body, directing its activity into the highest channels. Do some useful thing each day. Live and talk health. Discharge your physicians. A sick doctor or a sick preacher is the greatest joke the devil ever perpetrated upon a stupid world. Drop all your pills and plasters and dope, your liver pads and electric belts out of the window. Put a crimp in your

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waist band and enlarge your brain surface. Go into your pulpit showing forth a clean, healthy, vigorous, well poised body, with a pure and loving heart to teach and to exemplify Right Living. Do your part to make motherhood in truth the holiest and most sacred thing in all the world. Remember your master who said, "Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone," and then, and not until then will you ever make any headway.



Oh! for a platoon of consecrated men willing to make such sacrifices—to live on such a plane for the good of humanity. Why a few could actually revolutionize the world.

Can't do it you say? Too much trouble? Think more of your waist measurement than of brain expansion? More of yellow legged pullet, than of a clean liver working in healthy rhythm? Think.

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woman's proper sphere is that of a slave, and that she is any less degraded even though her master be a preacher? Prefer slothful ease to healthy joyous labor?

Well, then my friends continue to rail at the state for legislation, but while you continue to live and uphold the wrong life, you are doing more to foster crime, misery, disease and death than all the remedial laws that could be enacted between now and doomsday can ever eradicate.

WE BEGIN this month with a series of original and artistic cover designs by George Bicknell, Director of the Co-operative Crafts shop at Terre Haute, Ind. George is making a name for himself in the art world. His best work will appear each month in **THE OPEN ROAD**. Look for that back cover page. It will be worth your while.

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SYMPOSIUM.

My Dear Mr. Calvert:

A friend has just sent me your magazine, liberally marked up with pencilings. "Can any good thing" (I thought) "come out of Griffith, that lonesome cross-roads in the sandy waste of woods and railroad tracks that lies on the other side of Hammond's chimneys? If I had known that fellow lived out there I'd have stopped and rung his doorbell when pedaling my bicycle through those parts in the days before I fled from Chicago."

On the whole I liked it, despite the fact that you are rather hard on your fellow-preachers. Don't you think it a trifle sectarian to rail at other pulpits when you are making one yourself out of wood pulp? I myself count it bad form to rail at the Methodists. And as for inherited prejudices, those of us who think we are freest from them are likely to be just children of our fathers.

All the same I subscribe to your creed without a murmur, and having risen in meeting to make these few feeble remarks I will go to the pew chart and rent a sitting in your church.

Yours sincerely,
(Rev.) WILLARD B. THORP,
Pastor First Congregational Church,
San Diego, Cal.

The Reverend hands me a good one in the solar plex, but tho a little groggy, I

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am up before the gong sounds and ready for more. It is a trifle sectarian maybe to howl at the preachers when I myself am handing out dope from a sulphide-pulp pulpit of my own. But, dear me, when was ever a human being consistent? And besides I've got to have a little fun out of this business, and if I can't get it out of the hell-tooters and the saw-bones, I'd like to know where I'd be. I'm afraid he reaches me in the slats too as to inherited prejudice. I know I did come into the world as we all do with a skinful, but we must slough them off as rapidly as possible—throttle any symptom of intolerance toward men or movements as quickly as they raise their heads, and so preserve our fluid state, so that we always settle back to our own true level.

Yes, it does me good, dear brother, to have you subscribe to our creed and to welcome you as an Open Roader. I know that any right minded man, no matter what his religious superstition, politics, or previous condition of mental

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servitude, will endorse the OPEN ROAD platform, else he is not a free soul, and is not doing the amount of good in this world that he might, if he would free himself.

The Church flags us all right, but we bar no one. All are welcome, even preachers, to play in our sand pile. Come on in, boys, the sand is fine.

OUCH!

MR. BRUCE T. CALVERT,

Griffith, Lake Co., Ind.

My dear Pigeon-Rooster-in-the-Woods:—

Your letter and magazine a la Hubbard are here. I have sketched enough of the magazine to convince me that, inasmuch as you are not man enough to be original, you are ape enough to endeavor to be a second Hubbard.

Though I do not agree with Hubbard, I buy his magazine and read him because he is a virile thinker and prods a man out of the rut of conventionalism. Hubbard, with the Philistine, and his work in New York, was bold enough to strike in a new path. He has blazed the trail and made the open road. Now you come comfortably jigging along the open road after Hubbard has slashed and burned the path and made it easy.

I became a member of the Universal Brother-

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hood of Man on the day of my birth. My initiation fee was paid by my father when he settled the doctor's bill. We had pigeons on the farm and a pigeon roost in the big barn. I have seen pigeons and pigeon roosts and once was out in the woods, though I did not stay there.

Bicknell is a fine fellow and a life-long friend of mine, but his friendship does not depend upon my sending 50c to subscribe to the "Open Road" to the high mogul who presides over the shrine. If I had discovered in your magazine any indication of originality on your part, I would have sent 50c for the purpose of reading after an original man, whether I agreed with him or not, but, inasmuch as you have been unable to even get away from the "life membership paid-up subscription for 99 years for \$10.00," which is Hubbard, pure and simple, you are a hopeless case, I think. You would have at least demonstrated a bit of courage or a small grain of originality, if you would have made the life-membership \$11.01 or \$9.08. But you lack even creative faculty sufficient to make a difference in the price.

Your rules for eligibility, initiation, grip, password and countersign, ritual, litany, duties of members, punishments and penalties, purpose and how to become a member, possess about the same strength as might be expected from a love-sick maiden who is in the poetry-writing age in high school. I enjoy Hubbard because he is strong and he comes at me as a man. You make me weary because you sit in his "Amen" corner and swallow his creed, methods, ideas, plans, and ev-



If neither your religion nor
your education suffice to
keep you healthy and hap-
py, better throw them both
overboard, and try just plain
common sense or take to the
Open Road.

TO THE INITIATED

VOLUME one of the OPEN ROAD, containing the first four numbers of the publication is now being bound up. January, 1909 begins Volume two. Only a few copies of the first issue are now left so that we cannot complete a very large number of Volume one, but those who want a gem of inspiration and joy that will be well worth preserving will be provided for if they come under the wire in time.

We don't think our bound volumes will last a great while. Better get your order in early. They will be ready for delivery early this month. Shipments will be made to the fortunate ones in the order in which they are received. Price, only \$1.00 including a year's subscription to the OPEN ROAD, either new or renewal.

Don't hesitate about this. Before the end of this year you can probably get five times the price for your first volume if you want to sell it. Take my word for it, they will be in demand. A dollar William, coin, stamps, check or money order and a smile does the business. We are not finicky about our remittances.

The OPEN ROAD, Griffith, Ind.

R. F. D. No. 1. Pigeon-Roost-in-the-Woods

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everything, and try to bluff some one into believing that you are original.

You may continue to print your "OPEN ROAD" as often as possible and mail it to any one who has not yet gotten next to the fact that you are a copyist. But, so far as your bloomin' magazine is concerned, you may keep it in the woods with the pigeons.

Yours as ever,

(REV.) JACOB E. MEEKER,

Pastor Compton Hill Congregational Church,
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear, dear, I wonder what there was in our April number to so rile the Reverend's bile.

When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre,
'E'd 'eard men sing by land and sea,
And what 'e thought 'e might require
'E went and took the same as ME.

The market girls and fishermen,
The shepherds and the sailors, too,
They'd 'eard old songs turn up again,
And kept it quiet, same as YOU.

They knew 'e stole, 'e knew they knowed,
They didn't tell nor make a fuss;
But winked at 'Omer down the road,
And 'e winked back, the same as US.

—KIPLING.

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My Dear Bruce: What a fine old world it is. With OPEN ROADS, and opening minds, and numberless hearts aglow with the great new Gospel of Humanity. Every day I am glad to be alive. I think often of you in your quiet retreat. You are fulfilling a significant purpose. The "good stuff" is read always with zest and appreciation. It tones and supplements the Harvard course.

[REV.) HAROLD L. PICKETT, Harvard College,
Cambridge, Mass.

I was a teacher for 17 years and your article Does Education Educate? interested me. I assure you, I appreciate your originality and your power to say much in short and telling sentences. I will say that one thing is overlooked by every one but teachers. Schools can never be what they ought to be till the number of pupils to one teacher is limited to thirty.

L. FRANCES ESTES,
Editor The Occident, Brockton, Mass.

I have read the March number of the OPEN ROAD with much interest and then re-read parts with care—and you will find my personal check enclosed for twelve doses.

Like you—I sat through the sessions of the Department of Superintendence last month at Chicago and decided that my little girl, at least, wouldn't be run through the list of experiments that I heard suggested. I cannot, however, but feel a certain sense of guilt in reading your much needed criticism on the subject, "Does Education Educate?" For your chips fall all around me, and my methods in trying to fit six hundred

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youngsters for productive stations in this life. I mean by productive that they are to be creative workers—physically and mentally—not simply ribbon-sellers or parts of machines.

Like you, also, I came away from the city with just one speech (for it was delivered as though he enjoyed it, too,) distinct in my mind—and that was the one of Dr. Woods Hutchinson. As I heard one of my seventh grade boys express it the other day, he was certainly "the goods." Of course I had been following his articles in the current magazines, but his simply spoken address fitting between those poorly read papers came as a cool breeze on an August night. So you have found one sympathetic reader at least.

ENOCH B. SEITZ, Supt. Schools,
Milan, Mo.

"ARE YOU NOT an alarmist?" says a reader of the OPEN ROAD. "Have you not exaggerated the evils of our school system in your article in March? Are you not taking too much of a one-sided view of the case? You give our schools no credit at all for the good they do."

No, I am not an alarmist. I really do not think I stated the case strongly enough. There are right now hundreds of girls just budding into womanhood in a state bordering on nervous prostration,

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being kept up on dope, stimulants and narcotics, to get them safely past graduation day without a total collapse. I was not cataloging the benefits of the public schools. My purpose was to point out the evils. I took my statistics from the reports of the teachers themselves. There are a hundred thousand or more of them to talk up the benefits of the school system, but few or none to expose the dangers.

Teachers I fear, as a class, are just where they were a generation ago. Still fiddling with questions of method, programs or plans. Nearly every teacher is method-spooked or plan-spooked or both. But few have yet awakened to the "Zeitgeist." They still sleep, still clutching the dead hands of the past. The great waves of truth and awakening that are sweeping over the world, have not reached the teachers. They still linger in the dark shadows of the past. Will they come out or must they be dragged out by the rude, rough hands of the masses?

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IF YOU like the OPEN ROAD, or even if you don't but feel that you ought to read all the numbers for fear of missing some of its Vital Cosmic Plasma, you still have a chance to start off with us from the home plate. We're young yet—only started last September, and Ananias is saving a few copies of Volume I. for the Illuminati only. One William will bring it to you, and at the same time set your subscription up 12 mile stones on the journey.

People have been known to give the Rev. Thereforely absent treatment on a fine Sunday morning and even sit on the Sunday papers to read our little Treasure of Joy and Inspiration, Will you risk it? Come on in then, the bars are down. Make it \$1.25 we'll book you for two years with Vol. I.

Error is the only evil. Ignorance the only danger.

New-Thought Editors and Writers on the Open Road.

I am sending you half-cart-wheel for your magazinelet.

Yes, you are guessing right when you think that I am on the wire, for I have been along this way for some time. Wife and I have the latch-string out for all who are on the OPEN ROAD for life, liberty and freedom.

We place no bands on anyone and none can be placed on us.

Wishing you a howling success, I am,

DR. F. MORRIS, Columbus, Ohio.

If the succeeding numbers of the OPEN ROAD make as favorable impression as the first, I will probably be a life subscriber.

WALTER E. REID, Jr.,

Publisher Waverley Magazine, Boston, Mass.

Copy of the OPEN ROAD received and have already digested most of it. It ranks with the Philistine and Stuffed Club. I am very much taken up with it.

Inclosed \$1 for year's subscription and first bound volume. I want them all. May the good work go on.

DR. C. H. HERBOVIG, Mankato, Minn.

I have the Philistine and the Fra, but I must have the OPEN ROAD.

C. H. CLARK, Chicago, Ill.

(Hubbard and Tilden, please take note; but don't get gay, boys, don't get gay.)

Dear Mr. Calvert:

I inclose \$1 for Volume I. and one year's subscription for the OPEN ROAD. I have been talking with some of the news-dealers and would like very much to have your magazine placed here so that my patients could get them.

All my copies are on the go all the time. I never saw so many people hungry to read something in advance of the old-time rehash. I absorb all that I can and then wish the next copy was due.

DR. O. C. WARBURTON,
Rochester, N. Y.

The OPEN ROAD is crisp, simple and direct. Put me down for a year.

F. E. BURROW,
Benton, Ark.

Joys of the Open Road



EDITOR OF THE OPEN ROAD;

I happened to stumble onto your "OPEN ROAD" adv. in the Progress, published here, and it would seem to be a pleasant and delightful highway, passing through a fair land, a sunny, always summer land, full of the sweetness of broad clover fields and tender growing things; a winding Open Road on which the golden sunshine lies, splashed with heavy cool shadows of over hanging boughs, —stillness and peace, melody of birds —beauty and tenderness, calling, calling, tempting, dragging the very heart from the tired city wayfarer.

"Brain Fag"—yes, and heart fag, nerve fag, spirit fag, city weariness heavy on the heart, "Wild roses" I reach for them.

"A Magazinelet of Faith"—well I have faith in it, at least ten cents worth, and if it is one half as good as your adv., the three months shall grow into years.

"Not Everybody's Magazine"—No, only for the few who have felt the thrill and glory of a southern woods, who know the far scent of the wild rose, and the lure and sweetness of all "Pigeon-Roosts-in-the-Woods."

BESSIE DUNBAR,

Minneapolis, Minnesota.

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302 Wabash Ave., Chicago

Don't forget to say, "I saw your ad. in the OPEN ROAD."

The Open Road

VOL. II

JUNE, 1909.

No. 6.

Bruce T. Calvert, Editor and Publisher.

GOOD ARTICLES on OPEN ROAD philosophy may be found in May, June and July Cosmopolitan by Harold Bolce, and in the American Magazine for June by Prof. W. I. Thomas.

Nothing more revolutionary has been published in years. When the smoke of this blast clears away, there won't be enough of the Rock of Ages left for the Holy Ghost, let alone the Trinity, to stand on.

It surely is a promising symptom for the race, when the educators begin to show signs of sanity. Now if only the preachers and doctors would shake off their chains and come out into the light, the wheels of progress would surely hum.

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And they will. We live in a great day.
The light is breaking in the East.

Try absolute honesty, candor, sincerity. See
how they simplify the game of life.

THADDEUS BURR WAKEMAN writing in that splendid magazine "The Humanitarian Review" published by Singleton W. Davis at Los Angeles, says that we have enough progressive free thought magazines now to redeem the world if only people would read them, and he urges the support of those now in existence rather than starting any new ones.

As THE OPEN ROAD is included in the Professor's list of those Journals worth while, we view his remarks with complacency.

Read Proposition Extraordinaire. It's for you. A life membership with us is better than any insurance policy on earth.

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Health and Diet Hints.

Now is the time to begin training ourselves in right living for next winter. Drop off the heavy underwear, and give it away so you won't be tempted to use it again. Get light or medium weight and hereafter wear it at all seasons. I think the best from a health standpoint is pure silk. Linen mesh is just as good and perhaps better for something not quite so dainty to my mind as silk. But if these be too expensive, vegetable silk is a splendid substitute, wearing a long time. Next to that I believe Porosknit garments at fifty cents each are the best for all year wear.

But wear only white or light colors in both under and outer clothing. Those perambulating corpses who go about dressed in the black garb of the Evil One are hideous enough, but what shall be said of the people who wear black next to the skin. The dark ages are past,

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we live in a new day—let's lay away the sable habiliments of woe, and put on the garments of light and truth.

The woman and the man too who habitually dresses in black is starving the blood and surrounding the soul with gloom. Look out for these black shadows. Dark deeds love dark garments.



Begin now to take morning walks in the dewy grass barefoot. If you have only a square foot of grass in your back yard, use it, or go to the city parks. The sensation is most delightful, and the effect upon the body very gratifying. Also try now to get your sun bath a few minutes at least every day. In the open air if possible, if not then in your room with open windows. When you go to the woods or lakes this summer see to it that you spend a part of every day on the sand with bare skin of the whole body exposed to the sun. Let the rays play upon the

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solar plexus region and along the spine. Cover up head and eyes with blue scarf or veiling while taking your solar bath. Rub the whole body with sand every day, roll in the sand, and don't be afraid of a little dirt or mud. We've lived too far away from the soil, that's the trouble with most of us. And modern conditions in the cities are taking us further, year by year. Buildings are rising into the skies, while the men who occupy them are sinking in manhood and efficiency. If I had to be in a city office building again I would take the ground floor. Man is a land animal. He is not built for aviation. The further we get from earth the more we lose in humanity. I am afraid of the man on the fifty-seventh floor of the skyscraper.



Breathe at all times, inflating the chest with great draughts of fresh air.

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Now we, like the animals, should turn ourselves out to grass. Put away all winter foods and make our diet from now on of the things nature is producing in abundance. The fresh green growing vegetables, and fruits. Do not mix vegetables and fruits at the same meal. Cereals go with either vegetables or fruits, but most of us are cereal poisoned, and we can afford to cut them out for awhile. The pulses also combine with either, or with cereals. We shall soon have the new peas and beans in plenty. Eat only fresh ripe fruit, and clean fresh vegetables. And use as much of both as you can enjoy in the raw state. There are some vegetables, and fruits too which are rendered unfit by cooking. Do not boil away or throw out the mineral salts in your greens, for in this lies their chief dietetic value.



Be temperate in all things. Don't overeat, above all don't overdrink. Don't

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worry and stew about the heat. Keep the mind cool and poised; live outdoors all you can, and so shall you accumulate a fund of health and strength to draw against in time of need.

I like the OPEN ROAD as a whole, but I do not like all the pigeons on your roost, tho most of them are noble birds. The one that denies any hereafter is the one I don't like. I say that when we die we are more alive than we are now. But any one who keeps in touch with the new-thought literature of our times will surely stay in the OPEN ROAD. I would gladly pass the good things along, but I am deeper in the woods than you are—ninety miles from the nearest railroad station, and thirty miles from the nearest store where I can buy a pair of overalls or a check shirt. Boots and shoes we do not need.

Yours for free thot, free press and more OPEN
ROADS.

A. W. FRANKENBERG,
Cibola. Arizona.

I hope the time will come when every man will have a chance to live at least a part of his life away from the dirt and grime and the dust and roar of the city jungles.

As to that pigeon which denies the hereafter, I do not quite recognize him as one of our brood. Must be one that blew in

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overnight. But there is no need to worry, brother. A great part of the human race will never be any deader than they are now, and the fact of a here implies also a hereafter. What we or any one says about it will not in the slightest degree affect any fact in nature. If it is, it is; if it isn't, it is not. But the main thing is to take care of the "here" and the "now," and the "then" and "after" will take care of itself.

THE UNCHANGING order of Nature is change, growth. It is only in our resistance to growth, expansion, that we suffer. We shy at new ideas, we dodge new truths, we cling tenaciously to the old, even though it be error and thus our progress is attended by shocks. The crust of ignorance, superstition, stubbornness is hard to break. It takes a sharp whack on the cocoanut to waken some of us. But our shells must be broken, not only once but as often as they form until we cease to secrete the sort of material that makes shells around our minds. We

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must remain fluid. The shell shunts the currents of divine truth away from us and generates dark spots in our souls. We must yield constantly to the forces that are ever trying to mold us. If we did that, we should not suffer continually in our readjustments. Pain is not the natural attendant upon growth, only we make it so by resistance to natural law.

Let us try then to live in harmony with nature, having instant conductors all over us, as Whitman says, to receive the waves of truth. Growth will not then be so difficult nor the birth of new ideas painful any more than travail among human mothers should be painful, if they lived the right life, but a natural and painless function attended with relief and not suffering; and so we should be hospitable to new thoughts, and growth would be a pleasure.

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In the Woods.

Oh, the lovely, changing scenes of this beautiful, waking earth! Day by day now the tints are changing, deepening, colors ripening, spreading. First came the wave of red and reddish-brown or purple of the buds; then the tender sheen of light green in the low spots, as the buds dropped off and the new leaves began to appear, growing darker as they unrolled; and now the circle of woods that surrounds us presents a picture that is indeed beautiful.

From the green carpeted meadow stud-ded with bright dandelions, buttercups and daisies, like stars in the field of night, with a broad low belt of deep green just above it, mounting higher and higher, thru all the varying shades of color to the still reddish tops of the tallest trees on the high places, we have a scene so fresh and fair, so lovely that the heart fairly aches with the joy of it.

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No man can know Nature until he has lived with her; until he has passed with her through all her changing moods; has seen her complete the cycle of her wonderful transformations. He must have been with her in calm and storms, thru summer beauty and green, thru winter's cold and grey. Nature never reveals herself in textbooks nor on blackboards.

One must have walked with her hand in hand, witnessed her awakening in spring, seen her pass forward to the riot of color and life in the midsummer floodtide of her glory, and then watched her subside like the heaving ocean after a storm, till the life forms have died away, and then on with her into winter, when the winds howl and the forest roars under the war of the elements, when the bare branches are stung by the angry hail and the snow piled high in drifts, when everything is locked in a vise of the bitter cold; all these phases one must have shared with

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her before he can really claim a speaking acquaintance with Nature.



It seems to me earth can never again be quite so beautiful as in these early spring days. The season is a trifle backward with us. Although today is the 15th of May, the oaks are not yet in leaf. Old Walt, out in front of my shanty—the big oak on the left in our frontispiece picture—is all a shimmer of green, but the other oaks are still in the red-budding stage.



From where I am sitting I can count, it seems, hundreds of shades of green and brown and red and purple, and the picture is changing hourly. Nature is resourceful. She has a new bill, and an entire change of program every day. Yes, every moment if we had eyes to discern it. But she never appears quite so

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capricious, quite so full of charm, as in these May days. Even now, as I write, the sun shining brightly with a temperature of 80 degrees, the wind rises suddenly, long streaks of shadow flit over the earth as the clouds gather, and I know that in a moment it will be raining. In fact here it comes before my ink is dry. But from the way it pours I know it is only a growing shower, and perhaps before I can shorten sail and make all snug aloft—my bedding and things are out on the grass for a sunning—the storm will have passed, leaving Nature smiling and serene as if never another cloud would darken the sky.



A whirr of wings, a swish of feathers, a streak of brown, and a wood thrush drops down to the ground near me. I seize my glasses—that's the only way to study the birds—to get a good

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look at her graceful little body, for she's shy yet; she hasn't been here very long and is not sure what kind of a neighbor I am. She hops around in the wet grass, but almost before I can focus on her she's away again. So light, and happy and free.



I wonder if I have been a thrush in the long forgotten past? That is the disheartening thing about this transmigration theory; we can't prove it. The silver cord of memory is broken with each reincarnation, if such there be, and the past is dead to us. Whatever associations of those past births still linger with us, persist only in the form of racial accumulations.

Each tiny voyager on life's unresting sea must start as we all do at the port of entry into this world. There seems to be no way of being born at some intermediate point, with a part of the journey

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behind us. We must all land together at life's Castle Garden.

But if I have not had this little brown bird's experience, I want it. I want to know the secret of her joy and beauty and grace, that happily I may carry it with me into some later human manifestation to bring gladness and sweetness into human lives.



Now the shower is already past. Faster than my pen travels, the storm gathered, broke, and cleared again, and the sun shines out bright and hot. I don't wonder Nature is always referred to as "she." She surely can change her moods and present as many different sides in one day as the most inconstant "she" of your acquaintance.



And then how resourceful Nature is! She has no duplicates. I am looking out upon a world of beauty. Every leaf and

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bud and blossom of this lovely spring is a new one. No two are alike, and not one is exactly like any one that ever existed before. Why can't we see the lesson here, comrades, and apply it to our own lives? Why must we evermore insist upon running men and women through the mangle of convention? Why strive to reduce all to a common mold in that? Why do we in our unexplainable blindness set up a standard and then brutally attempt to force all to conform to that standard?

No two beings were ever exactly alike, nor could they be. No two ever think or act alike. Variation, differentiation, is the law of life. We are essentially different. Each of us holds in his composition one of the unbroken warp-threads of unity, that reach back to the cosmic beam of Creation, without which the woof and warp of human life would not be complete.

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I think a life membership worth at least \$1,000 in Soul Tissue and Vital Cosmic Plasma, but I have ways to use that amount just now to splendid advantage for the good of humanity (and ourselves) in propaganda work, hence this offer.

THE OPEN ROAD is one of the forces in the present upheaval, a factor in this great readjustment period of the race. Thousands of our fellows are slowly sinking in outer darkness without a single ray of light to cheer them. Will you be one of 100 to help throw them a life line? You'll never again have a chance to do so much good with ten plunks. Positively only YOU and 99 others admitted on these terms. That's all I need. Today is the time to do things—see?

And so in expectancy of hearing from you and the ninety and nine quickly, so I can fittingly celebrate the Glorious Fourth, I am,

Very Faithfully Yours,

BRUCE CALVERT.

**Editor of the Open Road and Keeper of the Shrine.
AT PIGEON-ROOST-IN-THE-WOODS.**

Griffith, Lake Co., Indiana.

Attest: Ananias.

We are very glad to place your magazine upon our exchange list. It always gives our students pleasure to have the opportunity of reading various publications. We are very grateful to you for your kindly interest.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON,
Principal Tuskegee Institute, Tuskegee, Ala.

Your OPEN ROAD for January and February reached me, and the magazine impressed me as earnest, breezy and wholesome.

PROF. E. A. ROSS,
Department of Political Economy, University of Wisconsin.

I enclose with joy (joy at the thought of receiving twelve more copies) fifty cents in stamps for a year's subscription.

Wish I had the opportunity to take to the Open Road. Have been living up to your by-laws for some time and feel better for it.

With best wishes, yours truly,

W. R. ACREE, Chicago, Ill.

Bruce, you are a wonder! Speaking of roosting in the woods, it's a good place for pigeons and bats, wild animals and vermin to hide in, also escaped lunatics, but as a roosting place for Lordly Man in his right mind, it's a dismal failure. Man was never made to skulk under trees, oak or otherwise, and if he does there is something radically wrong in his makeup. Give me the open fields and sunshine in preference to the woods or dusty open road. If we all went back to the woods the country would soon be overrun by a horde of savages and given up to underbrush.

If it's money you are after get all you can, but Jesus Christ taught and exemplified Universal Brotherhood "without money and without price" some 2000 years ago. Back to the woods and gather moss if you want to, but leave us the comforting thought of the fatherhood of God. Very sincerely,

F. W. BROWN, Mayfield, N. Y.

As Brother Brown has seen the error of his ways, and since sent his half dollar for a year's tramp on the Open Road with the elect, we forgive him. Twelve doses of THE OPEN ROAD I guarantee will cure him completely.

I send this from an expression center of the Universal Brotherhood. Long life and power to THE OPEN ROAD. Send me a couple more. The Hell Fire and Eternity article is just grand. Love to the whole gang at Pigeon-Roost.

OLIVIA KINGSLAND, Pres. Good Thought Society,
San Francisco, Cal.

The Open Road

Each of us is absolutely original in form and attribute, and each of us is beautiful and noble if we will only be ourselves. Why, then, be afraid to act our own lives—to be ourselves as Nature produced us? It is our differences and peculiarities that make us individuals, that constitute our sole title to existence. This is Nature's law. To recognize it and work in harmony with it is progress, happiness. To deny it and seek by repression to nullify it is stagnation, disease and death.

How foolish then, the trend of our institutions—our conventional modes of thinking, educational, religious and social fabrics, all tending to efface individuality and reduce humanity to a type—to the dead level of dullness and monotony, which is only another name for death. We make the same laws apply to all without regard for environment or temperamental differences.

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The other day in a fit of absent mindedness I wandered into a large building where were gathered eight or nine hundred people. They all stood up just as I stepped in. I accepted the honor with becoming modesty, and then a large man up in front in a white tie, bald head and overhanging bay window started in to say, "I believe," and then all the people solemnly repeated after him, "I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth," etc. Suddenly the absurdity and humor of the performance burst upon me and I fled for safety to the sane air of the outdoors.

No, this wasn't a mad house, at least that wasn't the name worked in gold leaf on the corner—it was the name of a fashionable church, and the pastor was the Rev. Dr. Highbrow, D.D., L.L.D., etc. Maybe all those titles were the cause of his mental petrification. It would surely

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be embarrassing to change all those front and hind letters every day.



And about the people. Did they really all believe all that rigamarole? No, certainly not. They couldn't if they tried. They either lied in their throats or else they were repeating stuff parrot-like without any comprehension of its meaning—you can take your choice. Well, is such an institution working in harmony with nature's laws or against them? And what happens to men and organizations which get in the way of Nature's steam roller?



I quarrel with no man for his opinions so long as he does not attempt to force them upon others. I ask only that he be sincere. That the opinions expressed are his own, and not borrowed for the occasion, or repeated as a mere formula of meaningless words. For borrowed opin-

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ions fit no better than borrowed clothes. I have no patience with intellectual hand-me-downs.

Let us wear our own livery. In this we are sublime. In borrowed toggery, however gay or distinguished, we are but monkeys—ridiculous and despicable.

We must be ourselves. Man must and shall be free. The fetters of the brain must be removed or the race will go down to death. And the race will not die. Nature is stronger than man. Right and justice will prevail. All chains will be broken. All bonds will be sundered and the race shall be free!



Yes, we are trying to help. That's what we're down here in the woods for. But we will not insult our intelligences by standing up and stupidly declaring every Sunday morning that we believe the same thing we did last Sunday. Why how could we? We're a week older now.

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Truth has changed her aspect since then. She has shifted her ground. We see things today from a different angle. No indeed our creed needs no such dogmatic benzoate of soda, or theological formaldehyde to preserve it. We gather ours fresh every morning, fresh as the dew I scattered with bare feet at dawn today in my early walk.

We want to free ourselves first from the manacles of superstition and convention, and then as fast as we can from our own bad habits and inherited meannesses. We want to get in tune with Nature, march to the music of her voice, and then hold out a helping hand to others, even as we ourselves have been lifted from the depths by the friendly hands that were held out to us.



Oh, those helping hands, that reach down from the shining heights of love into the black abyss of ignorance, sensu-

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alism, greed and crime to beckon us upward and onward to the higher life! Is there anything sweeter in all the world than this, my comrades, to help? And what are your hands doing dear brother? Are they forging shackles for the brain, manacles for the hearts and hopes of others, or are they those "helping hands?" Beware, beware, Nature never sleeps—she has no bankrupt laws. No man can cheat, even himself, in the final accounting. Every wrong must be righted. Every debt must and shall be paid. Look to it, comrades—is your balance on the right side of the ledger? What sort of karma are you accumulating?



What a hideous thing is fear. It seems to me that if I had the power to bestow one single benefaction upon humanity, I would banish fear from the human heart. And yet I can not doubt that it must have its place in the evolu-

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tionary processes. It's either a necessary factor in our education—though I cannot quite fit it into my scheme of things—or else it's an awful debt we are paying for some fearful violation of Nature's statutes in the long past. So many evils spring from it. It looms up darkly in the path of progress like the ugly monster that it is, forever embarrassing us, inhibiting our growth. It hardens the heart, dries up the affections, curdles the milk of human kindness, shuts us out from the sweet sunshine of love and faith which is our natural right. Almost no progress can be made toward the right life until fear is banished.



I was so forcibly reminded just a few moments ago of how fear sleeps at the base of our natures ever ready to spring into life upon the slightest provocation, that I came right in and wrote these paragraphs about it.

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I was walking across the field to our mail box with bare feet and legs—yesterday was the first all-day barefoot day for me this season. It has been raining every night, and as there are some low wet places to pass through when I take the short cut across the meadow, I found it pleasanter to leave off shoes.

Suddenly there was a flash of color and a glistening shape in the wet grass wound itself into a spiral, jumping at my bare legs and darting out its tongue so wickedly: I am ashamed to say I too jumped like a rabbit. For my thoughts were filled with the joy of the morning and the beautiful letters from the dear OPEN ROADERS I expected to find in the box, so I was not prepared for anything so sinister. Then, too, I had not seen a snake before this season—indeed I've not seen a half dozen here in as many years—this locality being singularly free from them. But this being one of the first warm days of spring

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I suppose brought all the denizens of the earth out to bask in the warm sunshine. I, too, had my first outdoor sunbath of the season today.

Now, I am not afraid of snakes. I knew perfectly well that this little creature threatening me from the ground was as harmless as a kitten and that in fact it meant no ill to me. It was one of the ordinary varieties of water snakes found in low wet places, the *Tropidonotus sipedon* of Linnæus. In boyhood days I have handled hundreds of the species and been bitten by them on the hands and arms times without number—even by the dreaded viper or adder, *Heterodon platyrhinus*, Latreille, of popular superstition—without the slightest inconvenience, and yet in spite of my knowledge here I was hopping about as lively as any cricket to escape from my small antagonist blinking at me from the ground. I had probably disturbed his meditations

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by stepping upon or near him and he resented the familiarity in the only way nature provided him. He, too, was moved by fear and the instinct of self-preservation. He did not know that I would not hurt him, and was probably more frightened than I even. He had no power to injure me, absolutely harmless, and yet for a moment I sprang as if in deadly peril, and the shivers rolled up and down my spine in quite the approved fashion.



How did this nameless fear and dread of the reptile get into our blood? I believe it is almost a universal characteristic, where it has not been educated out of us. Is it a survival of our simian experiences in the jungle when the sinuous coils of the constrictor reached menacingly for our windpipes, or is it the legacy of many centuries of orthodox delusions growing out of that snake story

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in Genesis, along with the fear of hell, the fall of man, total depravity, personal immortality and other hideous superstitions taught and nurtured by theology?



Coming back I found my visitor at about the same place. He was a little stiff yet from his long inactivity, somewhat disinclined to move and very touchy. I took a small twig and teased him until he got tired of biting and then gently stroked his back full length till he realized that he was not to be hurt, when he ceased his hostile demonstrations. With the time and the inclination I have no doubt I could have played with him till he grew accustomed to me, and in the end have put him in my pocket, where he would have nestled quite contentedly until removed.

I have seen people grow deathly pale and almost faint from fright at sight of one of these inoffensive little animals,

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and we all know how the farmer folk, when bitten by any kind of snake, will straightway rush off to a doctor to have the scratch cauterized, and then fill up on forty-rod whisky to ward off the deadly poison. And I am ready to believe that under favorable circumstances the bite of a garter snake would be quite capable of causing death from fright, although about as dangerous in itself as a mosquito bite. Even among people of the soil, superstition credits every snake with deadly venom, though I am sure there are not more than three, perhaps not so many, dangerous varieties in this state.

Herbert Spencer, I think it is, tells somewhere about standing with his face against the glass cage of a python while the reptile struck at him, and although he knew he was beyond harm's reach he could not prevent his involuntary shrinking backward at each stroke of the python.

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Fear has laid a terrible burden upon the race. It poisons the blood, paralyzes action, inhibits progress. What is the cure? Just this—Love. For love is the beginning of all wisdom and fear is but the hell-spawn of ignorance. Knowledge is the Hercules that shall forever rid the world of all the horrid shapes the monster assumes.

Knowledge will teach us that there is nothing in all the world to fear but fear; that error is the only evil, ignorance the only danger. Let us lift our heads, dare to be honest and true to ourselves, from which plane we can defy all the devilish brood of evil shapes and influences that surround us. Fear nothing but the loss of our own self-respect, for in that hour when we rise in majesty of purpose and take our stand with the determination to be true to the light within, to live our own lives come what may, all things become simple; fraud and pre-

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tense and fear and meanness slink away into the darkness from whence they came; we become gods in our own right, and as such inheritors of the earth and its fullness.



Surely the earth never was so bright and beautiful as today. I have seen—well never mind how many springs, I have ceased to keep track of the years; birthdays have no interest for me; I am growing daily not older, but younger, I trust; I am not concerned with what is past, my gaze is forward—but it seems to me life never was so rich and sweet and beautiful, nature so lovely as this day. Yet I understand the mystery of life no more now than when with wondering eyes I looked out upon my first spring time. Each day is a new day. Creation is as fresh and fair and strangely sweet as when the morning stars first sang together. I know in my heart that

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it is splendid to have been born into this age of dawning light, and that it is good to be here in the woods today.



I am sure, also, that it is good to take life as we find it, simple, natural and sweet—To live and grow in harmony with Nature's laws of Right Living—To find our greatest joy not in accumulations of wealth nor in the exercise of despotic power, but rather in a deeper understanding and love of Nature—To grow back to the soil as we have grown away from it—To cultivate the homely virtues of thrift, economy, simplicity, good health, neighborly love, with a large-hearted sympathy for all men and women, especially for those who are reeling under the burdens of life.

This is the OPEN ROAD creed and what, according to my vision, is the need of the hour. To help spread this spirit and to woo men back from the brain-

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sapping, heart-crushing struggle for existence in the crowded cities to the fresh free air of the woods and fields; to the sweet content of simple country life; a life of healthful, hearty work in the soil, plenty of it, but with a sure and sufficient recompense from the earth, ample for the needs of all whose hearts are right and whose aims are noble, and above all the joy of companionship with Nature—is one of the missions of this little booklet.

Why may we not now leave cunning, shrewdness, stealth, artifice, duplicity, pretense to the lower orders of animals where they belong, and in their stead enthrone brotherhood, kindness, fairness, truth, simplicity, candor, honesty, as guiding principles among men and women ?

Say now, isn't Geo. Bicknell's conception and execution of our Whitman cover page a real work of art? I just had to mention it.

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It is pretty good, but some of the past issues have been better, I think. You will want all back numbers some time. Better make sure of them now. We do not publish very many extras. The price is apt to go up anytime, and Vol. I will soon be out of print. I think I am perfectly safe in guaranteeing you perfect satisfaction with either volume or money back.

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